

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

# MILITARY

FEBRUARY  
No. 16

## COMICS

BLACKHAWK  
VS  
THE FOX

10¢







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

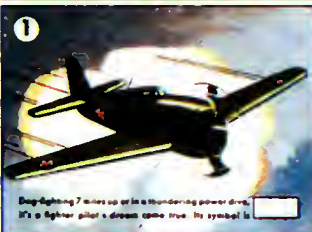


# HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.



1



Dog-fighting 7 miles up or in a thundering power dive, it's a fighter pilot's dream come true. Its symbol is

2



Big, tough and strong, it's the Army's symbol. Its symbol is

3



Under the waves at Subic Bay, they're the fastest torpedo boats afloat. Their symbol is

4



"Eye of the Navy," they patrol vast ocean stretches, guard our shores, chase the enemy's fleet. Their symbol is

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The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.

**MORROW COASTER BRAKE.** They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is  (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

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**ARMY**STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION ON LAND  
*Section 1.*

# BLACKHAWK



**HAUPT...THE FOX!** THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE AXIS ARMIES! BRILLIANT AND BESTIAL! CRUEL AND CUNNING! HATED BY THE WORLD... FEARED BY HIS OWN FUEHRER!! AGAINST THIS MAN THE ALLIED ARMIES ARE HELPLESS! THEIR BEST GENERALS ADMIT DEFEAT! OVER THE BURNING SANDS OF LIBYA, HAUPT DRIVES THE ALLIES BACK TO INEVITABLE DOOM... VICTORIOUS, HIS ARMIES PRESS ON... ON OVER THE BONES OF VANQUISHED ENEMIES! ONLY THE BLACKHAWKS CAN STOP HIM! THEY ALONE CAN ROLL BACK THE TIDE THAT THREATENS TO ENGULF THE WHOLE EASTERN WORLD! BUT THEY MUST PAY THE HEAVIEST PRICE OF THEIR GLORIOUS CAREERS... THEY MUST DIE... SO THAT A FREE WORLD MAY SURVIVE!... AND THE BLACKHAWKS CHOOSE TO DIE!!!



IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL HANS HAUPT, COMMANDER OF GERMANY'S EASTERN ARMIES...

BUT THE FUEHRER HAS ORDERED US NOT TO ATTACK!

HERE IN DER DESERT THERE IS NO FUEHRER BUT ME! WE ATTACK AT DAWN!

THE FUEHRER WILL BE ANGRY!...HE WILL SHOOT US!

DUMKOPF! I WILL SHOOT YOU MYSELF IF YOU DO NOT OBEY MY ORDERS!!

JA, HERR GENERAL, IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY!

THAT IS BETTER! I PROMISE YOU... WE SHALL DESTROY THE VERDAMMTE BRITISH IN A WEEK!

ALONE...HAUPT MAKES A STARTLING PROPHECY!!

ALL THE DESERT SHALL BE MINE...MINE!... AND THE FUEHRER...THAT FOOL WITH HIS MEDALS AND HIS MOUSTACHE! HE SHALL NOT STAND IN MY WAY!

SOON I WILL BE SOLE MASTER OF EUROPE! THAT IS MY DESTINY! I, HANS HAUPT, SHALL BE THE NEW FUEHRER!

AT DAWN, THE AXIS FORCES BEGIN THE ATTACK... HEAVY TANKS CLATTER OVER THE FLAMING DESERT SANDS.

AND THE ALLIED ARMIES BRACE TO MEET THE ASSAULT!!



TOWARD LATE AFTERNOON, A LONE SOLDIER STAGGERS WEARILY TOWARD ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...



FIFTY TANKS...THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH OUR LINES NEAR THE DALWHI OASIS!

GREAT HEAVENS! HAUPT OUT-FLANKED US!

OUR MEN WILL BE CUT TO RIBBONS!



WE MUST SEND PLANES AT ONCE...

THERE AREN'T ANY PLANES! WE SENT THEM OUT TO MEET HAUPT'S ATTACK ON THE NORTH!

THEN THE DRONE OF AIRPLANE MOTORS SOUND CLEAR AND SHARP AGAINST THE DESERT SKY..

YOU HEAR THAT!

BY JOVE! I'D KNOW THAT SOUND ANYWHERE!



WE'RE LOST! NO ONE CAN SAVE US NOW!



OVER LAND..  
OVER SEA..  
WE FIGHT TO  
MAKE MEN  
FREE!!

IT'S THE BLACKHAWKS!



IT IS THE BLACKHAWKS... FAR FAMED ADVENTURERS... THE BLACK KNIGHTS OF THE AIR HAVE FLOWN TO JOIN THE FIGHTING...

STAND BY! SOMEONE'S SIGNALING US!



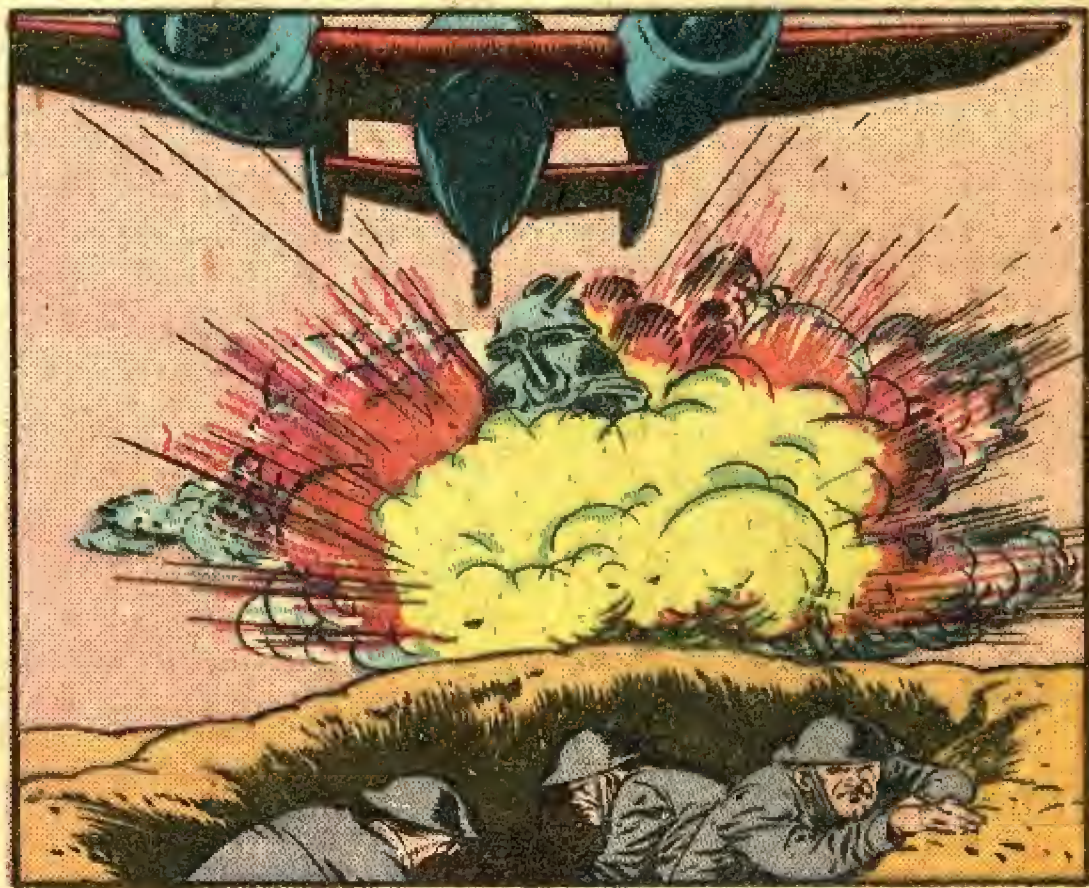
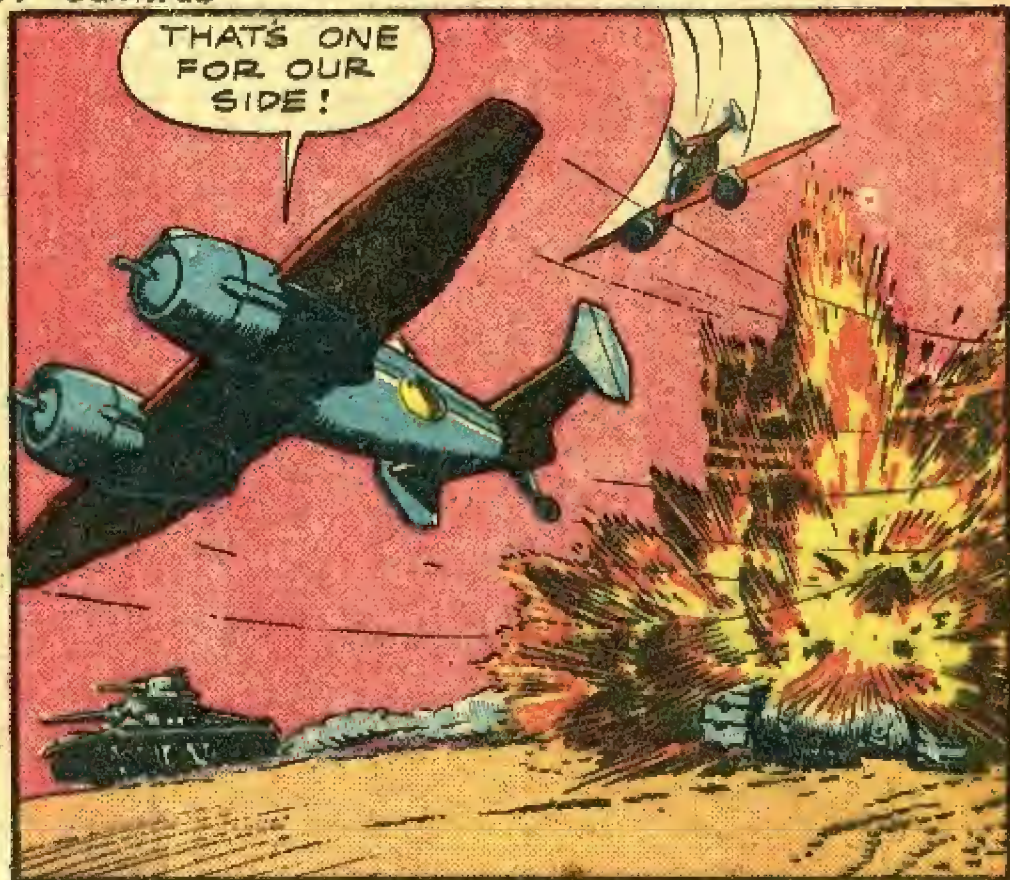
DO YOU THINK THEY UNDERSTOOD?

THEY GOT THE MESSAGE!.. THERE THEY GO, TOWARD THE DALWHI OASIS!





SOON THE FAR FLUNG BATTLE LINE APPEARS BENEATH THE BLACKHAWKS... AND THE TIDE OF BATTLE IS EBBING FOR THE VALIANT ALLIED TROOPS...

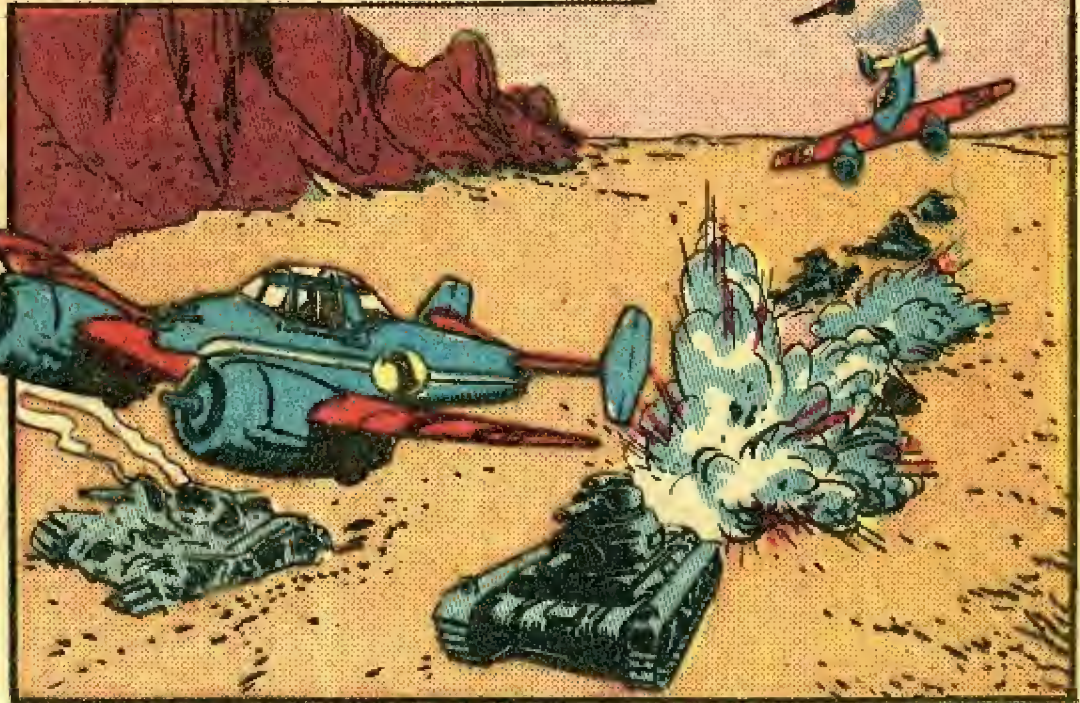




HEARTENED, THE BRAVE DEFENDERS COUNTER-ATTACK!

WE'VE GOT THEM ON THE RUN! GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY!!

THE BLACKHAWKS EMPTY THEIR BOMB RACKS...AND THE NAZI RETREAT TURNS INTO A ROUT!!



THANKS, BLACKHAWKS! MAYBE WE CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOMETIME!

AT GENERAL HAUPT'S HEADQUARTERS...

DER TEUFEL! MY STUPID OFFICERS DID NOT CARRY OUT MY PLANS!

OUR ATTACK HAS BEEN BROKEN AT THE DALWHI OASIS! OUR MEN ARE IN FULL RETREAT!

WE MUST STRIKE AGAIN... AT ONCE! THIS TIME I WILL PERSONALLY SUPERVISE THE ATTACK!!

JA HERR GENERAL, JA!



I WILL TEACH THOSE BRITISH A LESSON IN TACTICS. WE SHALL ATTACK WHERE THEY EXPECT IT LEAST... IN THE CENTER OF THEIR LINES! PERHAPS EVEN CAPTURE THEIR HEADQUARTERS!

THAT WOULD MEAN VICTORY, HERR GENERAL!

LATER, THE CONQUERING BLACKHAWKS RETURN TO ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...

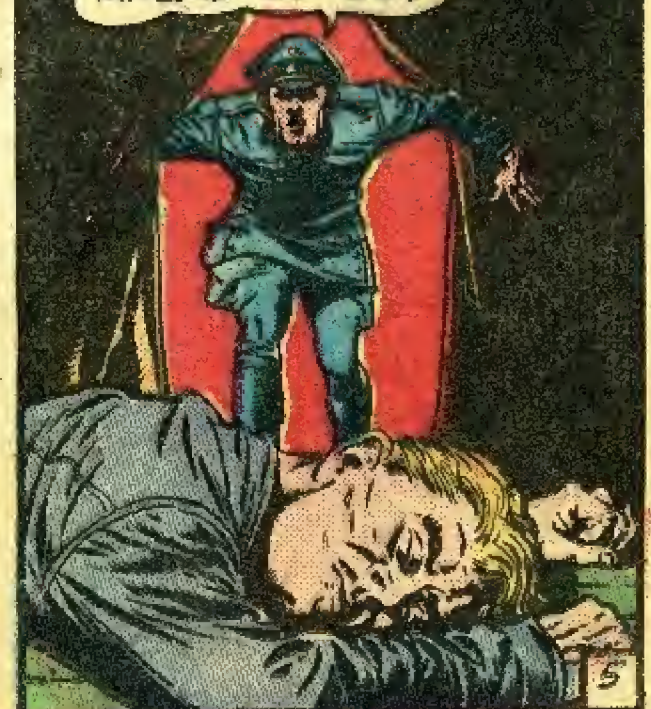
THESE GREY-BEARDS WILL BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY FIND OUT HOW WE'VE TWISTED GENERAL HAUPT'S TAIL!

BY GAR! WE DO PRETTY GOOD JOB!



SILENCE GREET'S THE BLACKHAWKS...AND DEATH!

HAUPT GOT HERE AHEAD OF US!





THIS MEANS HAUPT  
BROKE THROUGH  
THE CENTER OF  
OUR LINES! HE  
TOOK THESE MEN  
BY SURPRISE!

HE CANNOT  
BE STOPPED!  
HE WILL GO  
ON AND ON  
UNTIL HE HAS  
CONQUERED  
LIBYA!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO  
STOP THIS DRIVE! WE'VE  
GOT TO CAPTURE HAUPT!

YOU ARE CRAZEE!  
.. BUT SO AM I!  
I WEEL GO WITH  
YOU!

ME MAKE  
HIM INTO  
CHOP-  
SUEY!



WE NEED A BRAVE  
MAN TO STAY  
BEHIND! SOMEONE  
WE CAN TRUST!  
SOMEONE OF THE  
HIGHEST HONOR  
AND INTEGRITY  
AND COURAGE...

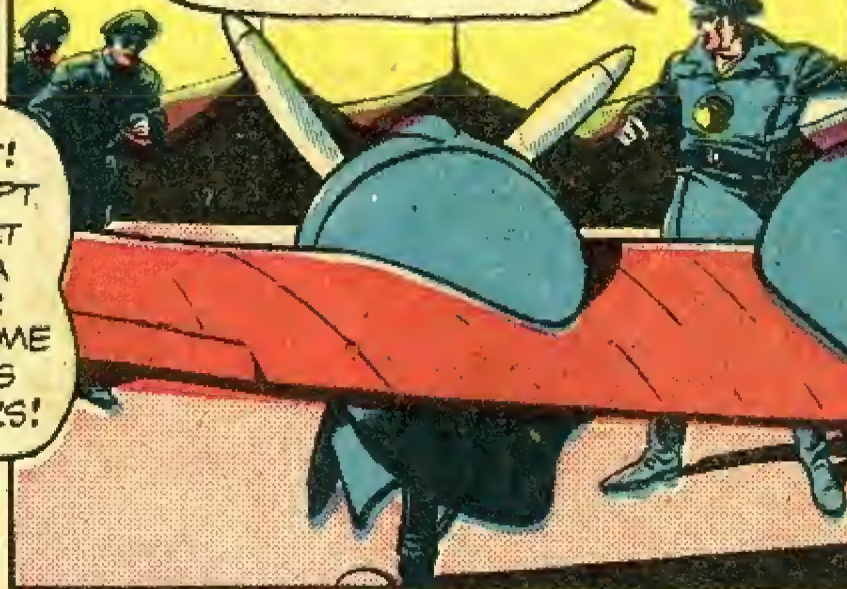
IS VELLY GOOD  
DESCRIPTION  
OF CHOP-CHOP!  
ME STAY!!



ONE QUESTION, CHAPS!  
HOW ARE WE GOING  
TO FIND HIS EXCELLENCY?

THERE'S A VILLA ABOUT  
TWENTY MILES INLAND FROM  
SIDI RAFFA! USED TO BELONG  
TO A NATIVE PRINCE... IT'S THE  
ONLY PLACE ON THIS DESERT  
THAT GENERAL HAUPT  
COULD USE FOR HIS  
HEADQUARTERS!

THAT'S RIGHT!  
OLD MAN HAUPT  
DOESN'T FLOAT  
AROUND IN A  
PRIVATE CAR  
WITH HIS NAME  
ON IT IN BIG  
RED LETTERS!



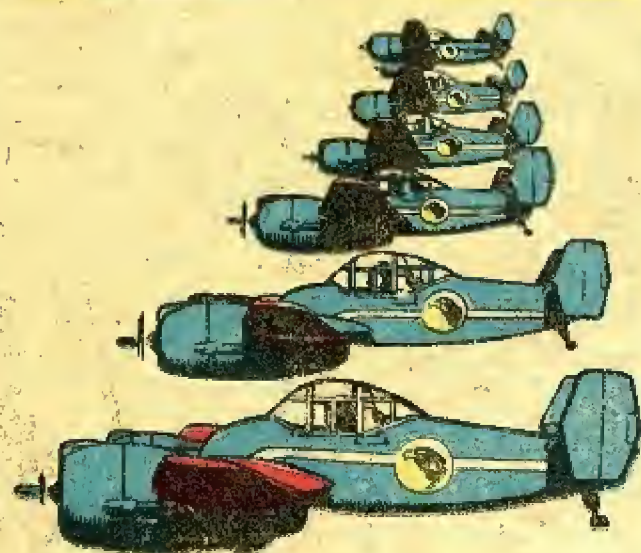
WAIT!! YOU FORGOT  
TO SAY WHAT CHOP-CHOP  
STAY BEHIND FOR!?

ME SEE IT ALL NOW!  
IT'S A TLICK! \* \* \*  
CHOP-CHOP BEEN  
DOUBLE-CLOSED!!

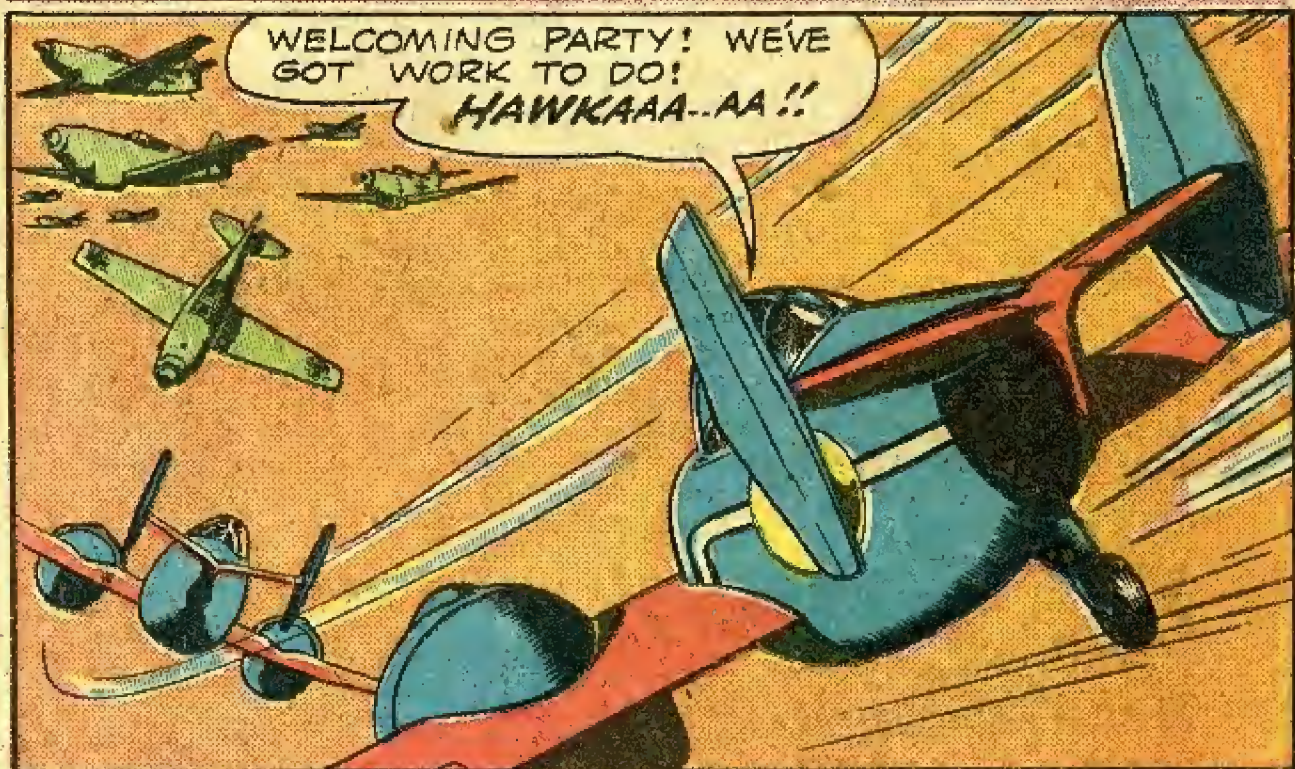




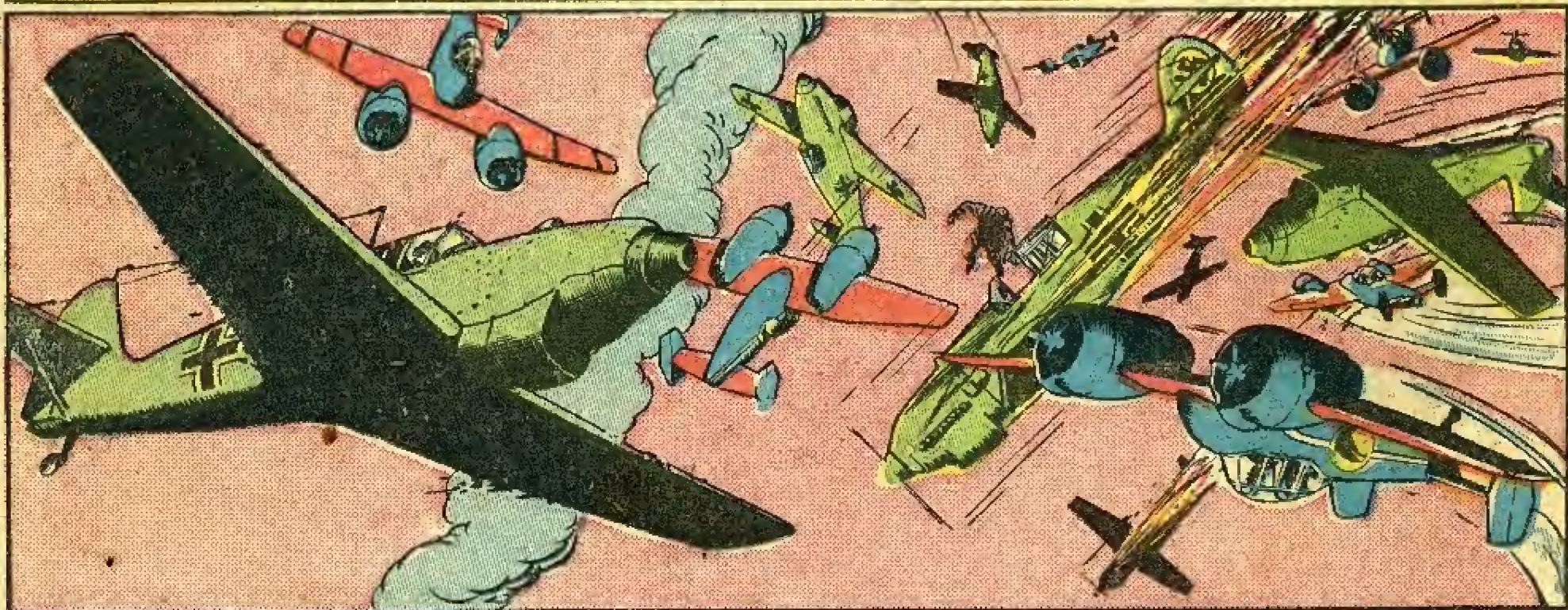
**T**HE BLACKHAWKS FLY TO MEET THEIR DESTINY... FOR EACH MAN OF THEM KNOWS THAT THIS IS A MISSION FROM WHICH THERE CAN BE NO RETURN.



**I**NTO THE HEART OF AXIS-HELD TERRITORY THEY WING THEIR WAY...



**H**EAVILY OUTNUMBERED... THE BLACKHAWKS GIVE BATTLE... AND SOON THE SKY IS FILLED WITH SCREAMING, TWISTING PLANES!



GOOD GRAVY! AN ENEMY PLANE ON MY TAIL!!



DESPERATELY, BLACKHAWK TRIES TO ELUDE HIS PURSUER... BUT THE ENEMY ACE HOLDS ON... AND HIS BLAZING GUNS BRING DEATH CLOSER AND CLOSER...



YUMPIN' YIMINY!... BLACKHAWKS IN TROUBLE!!





GOT HIM IN  
MY SIGHTS!...  
BY GAR!  
MACHINE GUN'S  
JAMMED!!



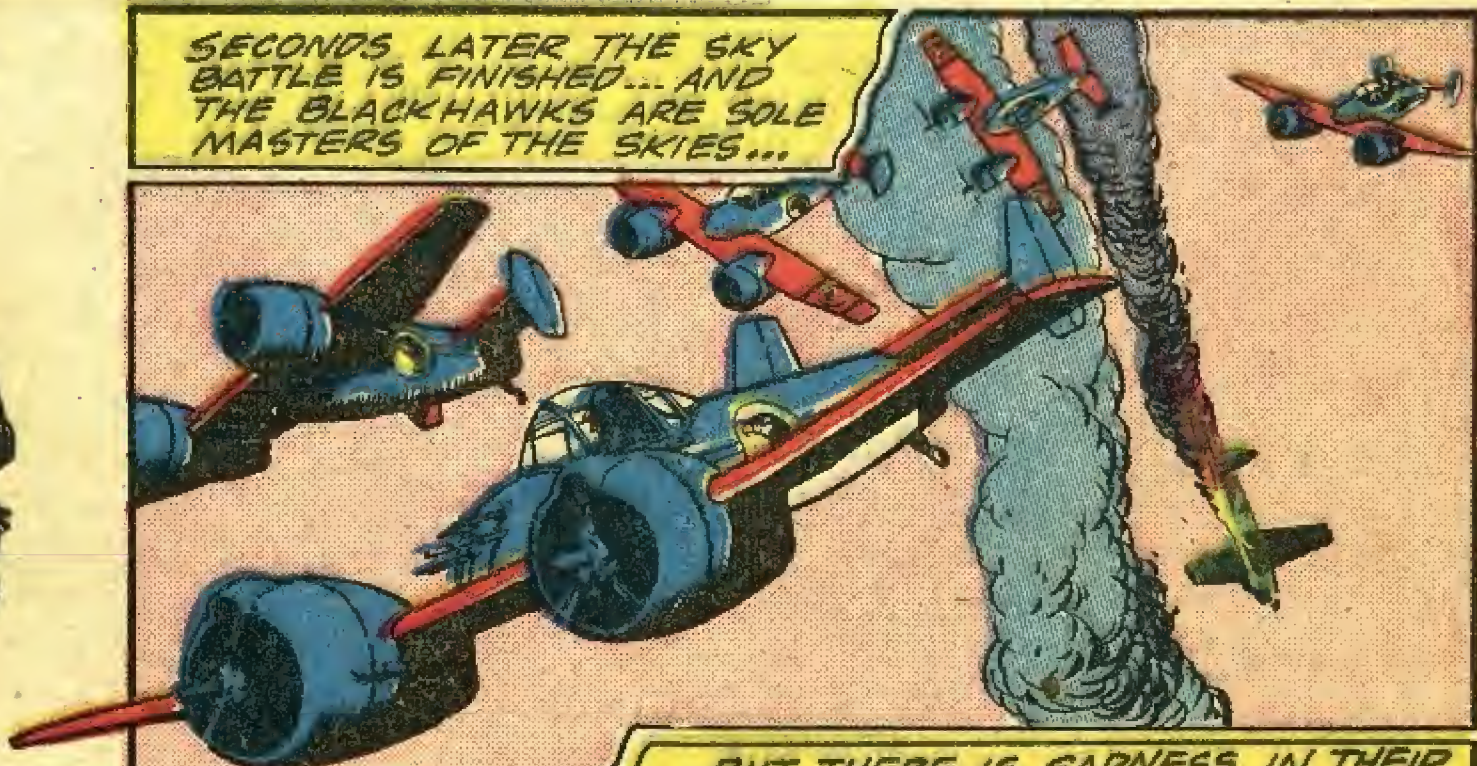
ONLY ONE  
THING TO  
DO... MUST  
SAVE  
BLACKHAWK!



OLAF!... HE  
DIED TO SAVE  
ME!

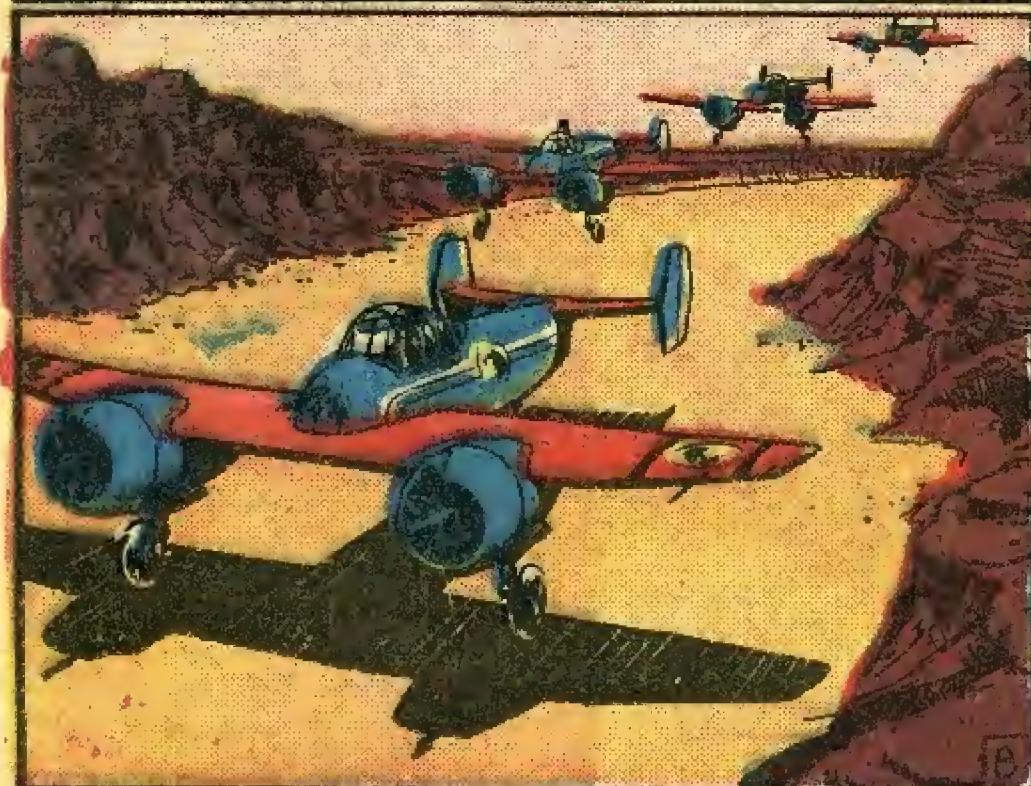


SECONDS LATER THE SKY  
BATTLE IS FINISHED... AND  
THE BLACKHAWKS ARE SOLE  
MASTERS OF THE SKIES...



BUT THERE IS SADNESS IN THEIR  
HEARTS, AS THEY CLOSE RANKS  
AND MOVE ON... OLAF IS DEAD!

AT AN ABANDONED WADI, OR RIVER  
BED, THE BLACKHAWKS' LAND...



THIS ISN'T FAR  
FROM SIDI RAFFA!  
WE SHOULD REACH  
HAUPT'S VILLA IN  
AN HOUR!

THE FIRST  
SHOT WILL BE  
FOR OLAF!



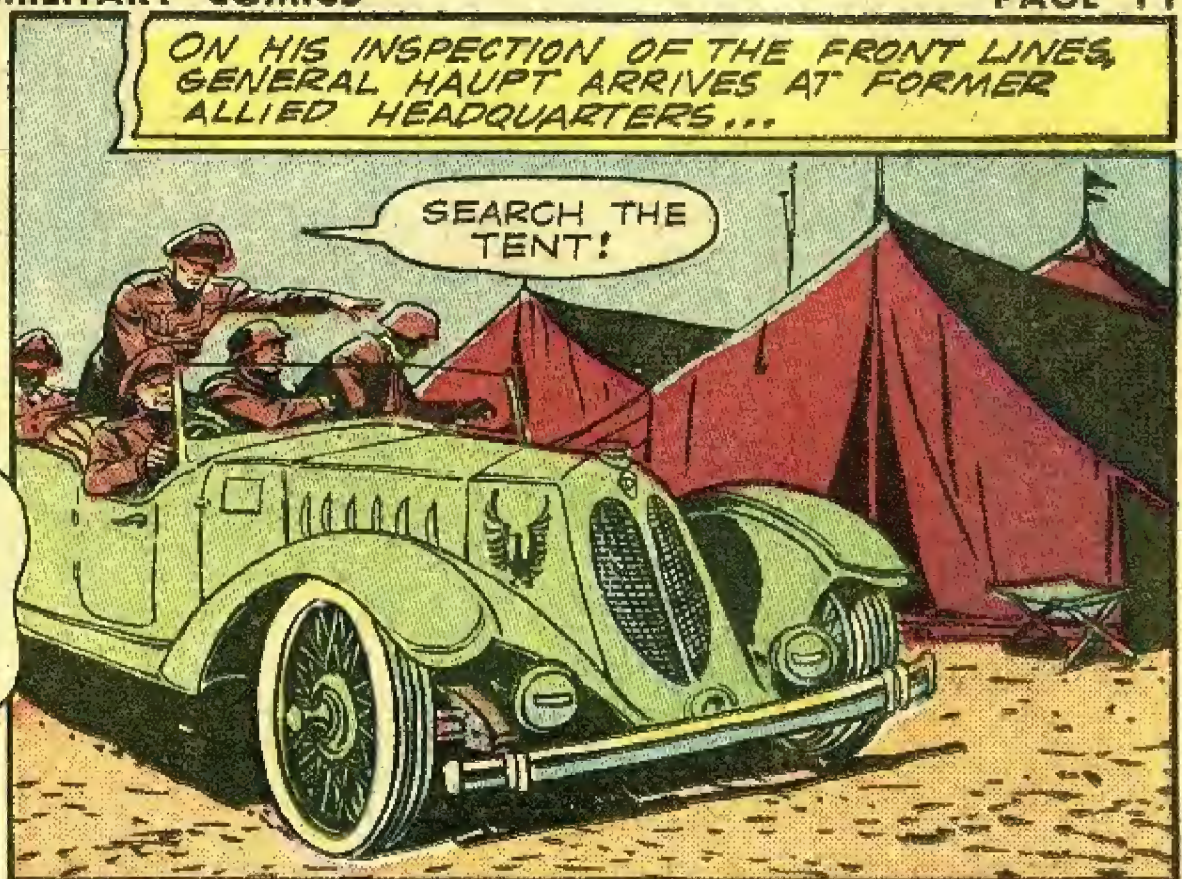














BLACKHAWK GLET  
EVEN FOR  
CHOP-CHOP!!



BUT AT THIS MOMENT, A BLACKHAWK  
WATCHES THE SCENE... AND DOES  
NOT MOVE... WHO CAN HE BE?



IT IS OLAF... THE MAN  
BELIEVED DEAD IN  
THE PLANE CRASH...

I CAN'T  
AFFORD  
TO MISS!



MY ONLY REGRET  
IS BUT ONE CHOP-  
CHOP TO GIVE TO  
COUNTLY!



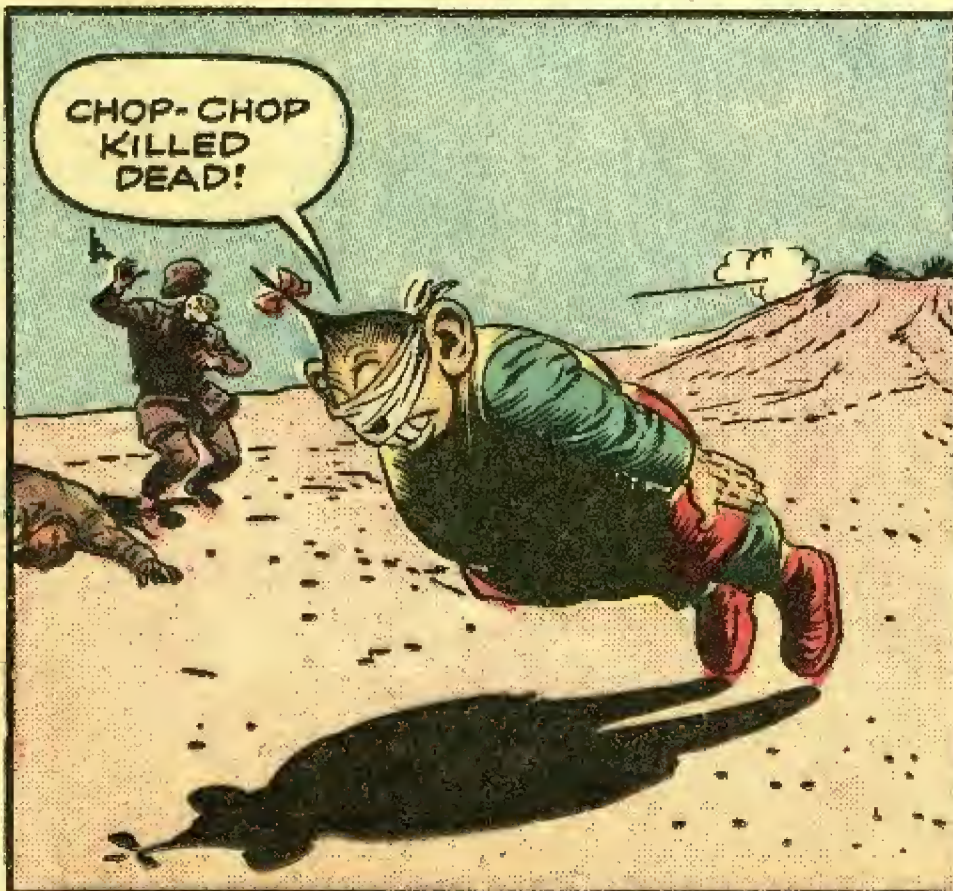
FIRE!

CRACK!

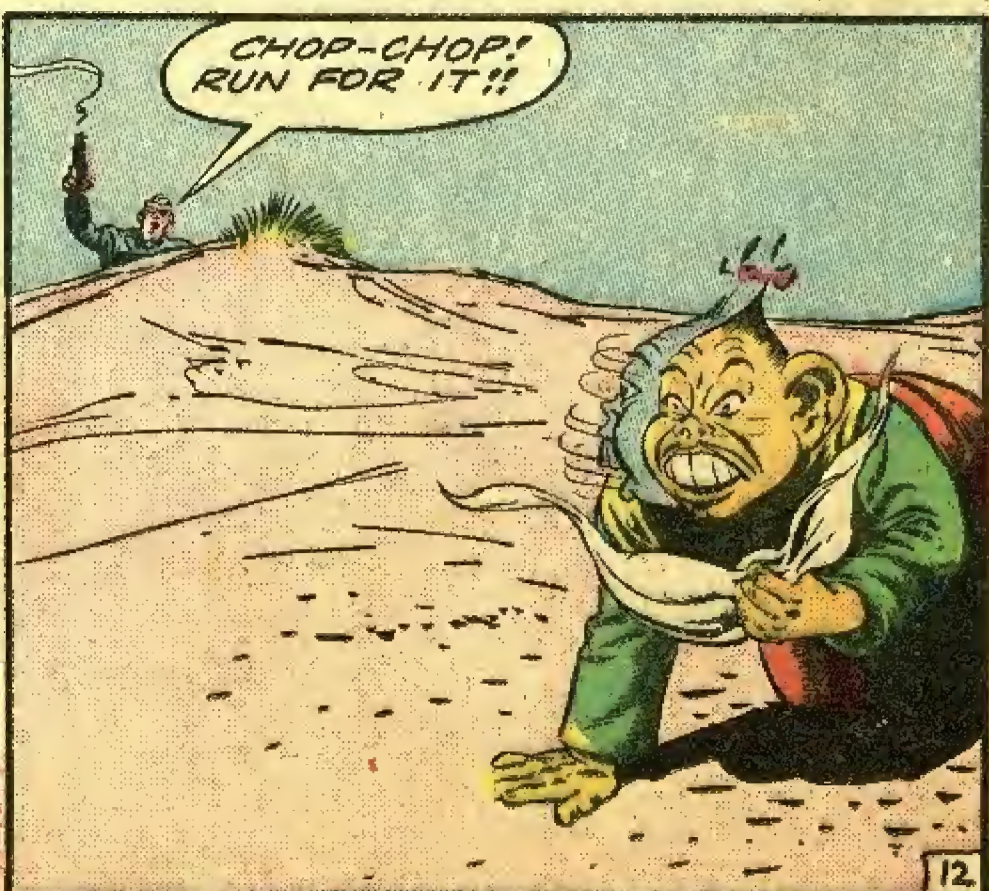
A SHOT!!



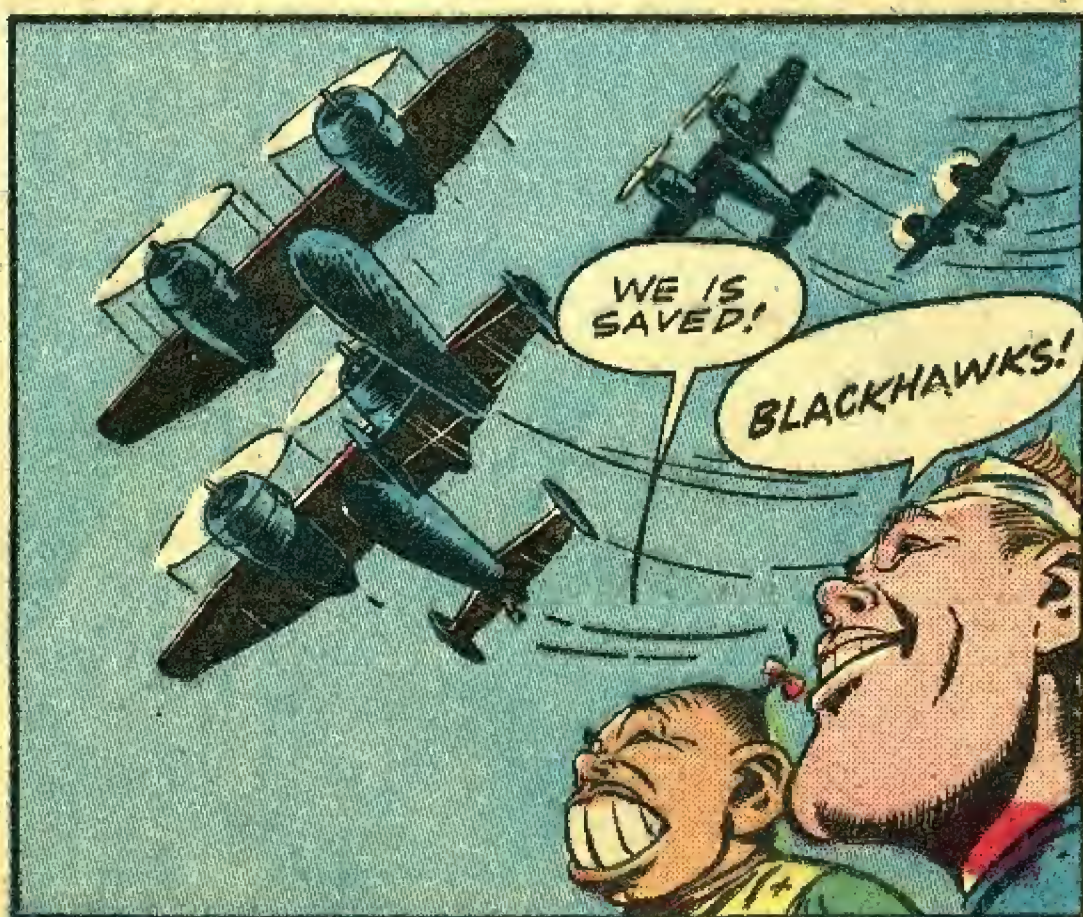
CHOP-CHOP  
KILLED  
DEAD!



CHOP-CHOP!  
RUN FOR IT!!











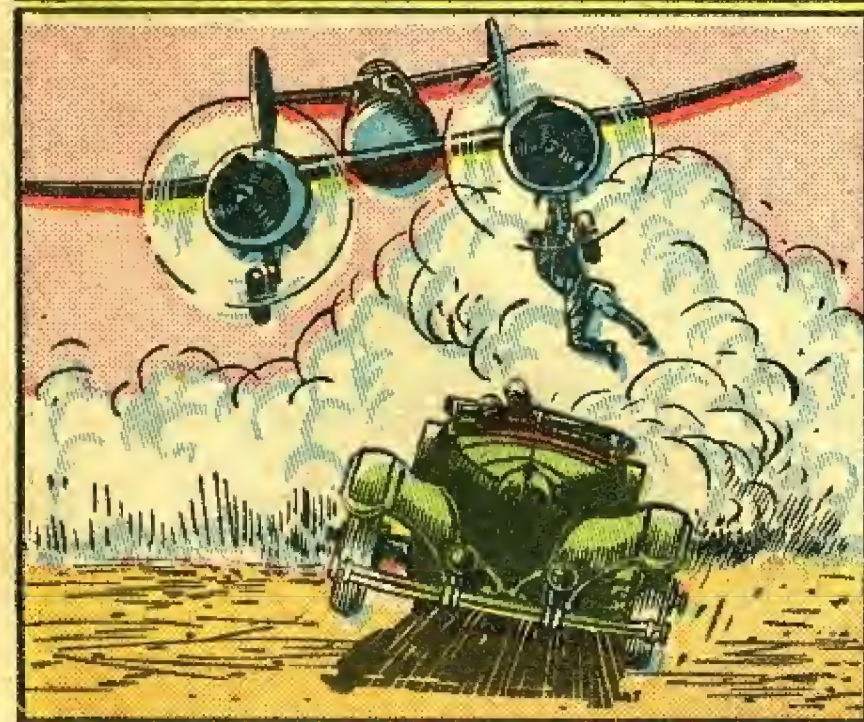
RAT-A-TAT  
RAT-A-TAT  
RAT-A-TAT  
RAT-A-TAT  
RAT-A-TAT  
RAT-A-TAT



AGAINST THE  
SHRIEKING,  
BUFFETING  
WIND  
BLACKHAWK  
FIGHTS TO  
OPEN THE  
DOOR...



DANGLING FROM THE UNDERCARRIAGE  
OF THE LURCHING PLANE, BLACKHAWK  
WAITS UNTIL HE IS OVER THE  
STAFF CAR!!









# JOHNNY DOUGHBOY





# THE SNIPER

## STALEMATE!

LIKE A DANGEROUS GAME OF CHESS, TWO GREAT ARMIES ARE HELD IN CHECK BETWEEN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA AND THE QUATTARA DEPRESSION WITH THE WHOLE OF EGYPT AND THE MIDDLE EAST AT STAKE!!

SOMEWHERE ON THE EGYPTIAN FRONT...

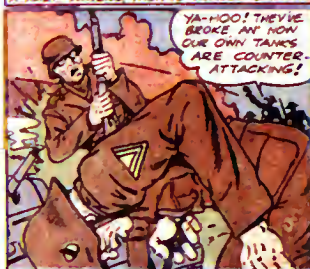




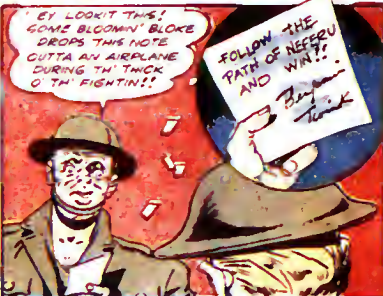
SPITFIRE FIGHTERS AND AMERICAN DIVE BOMBERS  
ROAR INTO ACTION TO MAKE IT HOT FOR THE  
ONRUSHING NAZI AFRIKA KORPS !!



AND AGAIN THE BLOODY ADVANCE GRINDS TO  
A HALT WHEN THEN IS HURLED BACK...



BUT THE ALLIED DRIVE IS LIKEWISE  
SMASHED AS IT RUNS INTO BRISTLING  
GERMAN GUNS...



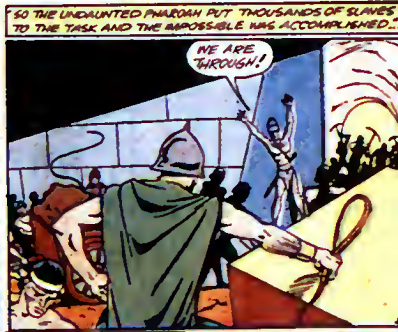
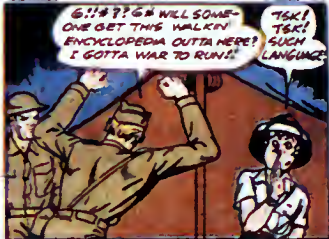
ACH! LOOK, HANS, A MESSAGE  
PLUMMETED FROM DOT PLANE!  
-- FOLLOW DER PATH UF NEFERU  
UND VIN!! MAYBE DIS NEFRU  
HAG GOT SOMEDING DOT  
ECKEL HASNT!!



THEN A STRANGE MAN WALKS INTO THE COMBAT  
AREA...











THROUGH THIS TUNNEL NEFERU  
POURED A THOUSAND CHARIOTS  
WHICH STRUCK A SURPRISE BLOW  
AND DEFEATED THE KMTANS...



LOOK HERE, MAN, DO YOU  
MEAN THERE'S STILL A TUNNEL  
EXISTING UNDER THE DESERT  
THAT COULD BE USED IN THE  
SAME WAY BY US??

PROBESLY!



THEN WHERE IS IT?  
WHAT PROOF YOU  
HAVE THAT IT  
EXISTS?

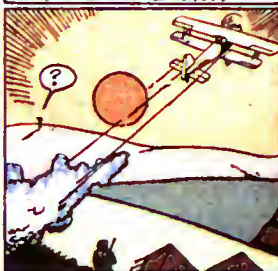
HA! HA! THAT  
IS MY SECRET!  
YOU SEE THIS  
TUNNEL CAN BE  
USED BOTH WAYS!



MEANING THAT YOU'RE  
HOLDING OUT FOR THE  
HIGHEST BIDDER THAT  
YOU WOULD SELL YOUR  
MYTHICAL SECRET  
TO THE NAZIS! I THINK  
YOU'RE NUTS - GET  
OUT OF HERE!!

VERY WELL!  
THEN I WILL  
GO SEE WHAT  
MARSHALL  
ECKEL WILL  
OFFER!

AS THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MAN DE-  
PARTS A FIGURE APPEARS....



THE SNIPER!



I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE  
TO STOP BENJAMIN  
THINK... THEY MAY NOT  
BELIEVE HE HAS A SECRET  
THAT MAY CHANGE THE  
COURSE OF HISTORY!!



LATER-

WHAT? DO YOU  
MEAN THAT CRAZY  
GUY WAS TELLIN'  
THE TRUTH? THERE  
IS ACTUALLY  
A TUNNEL?!

IT'S FANTASTIC,  
BUT IT'S TRUE! AND  
I'VE TRAILED HIM  
FROM THE LOUVRE  
IN PARIS TO AFRICA  
-AND NOW MY HUNT  
IS ONLY BEGINNING!

SINCE YOU TURNED HIM DOWN HE'S  
PROBABLY GOING TO TELL THE NAZIS  
ABOUT HIS DISCOVERY.. AND THEY  
MAY BELIEVE HIM !! I'VE GOT TO  
GET THROUGH THE LINES AND TRY  
TO STOP HIM !!!

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS THE SNIPER  
MANEUVERS A TANK THROUGH THE MINE-  
FIELDS AND PENETRATES THE ENEMY LINES.

OH! OH! THERE GOES  
A FLARE! NOW I'M  
A TARGET FOR THEIR  
ANTI-TANK GUNS!!

ACHT-  
GEBEN!  
KRAFT  
WAGEN!

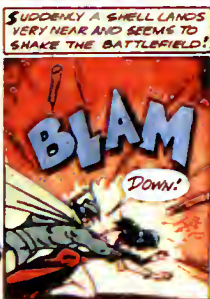
BOOM

BOOM

TIME TO  
TRAVEL ON  
FOOT!



THE NAZI GUNS DRAW SPORADIC GUNFIRE FROM THE ALLIED POSITIONS...







MEN CALL ME  
EMKET. IT WAS MY  
ANCESTORS TOMB THE  
WHITE ARCHAEOLOGISTS  
DESECRATED TO  
LEARN HIS SECRETS!



LISTEN!  
SOMEONE  
ELSE IS  
IN THIS  
PASSAGE  
WAY!



IT'S THINK!  
HE'S GAVE HIS  
SECRET TO THE  
NAZIS!!

HOW DO VE KNOW  
DOT YOU VON'T ALSO  
GIVE DER SECRET  
TO DER ALLIES UND  
TRY TO TRAP US??

W-WHY  
I  
WOULDN'T  
DO THAT  
GENERAL  
ECKEL!!



W-WHY ARE  
YOU LOOKING  
AT ME LIKE  
THAT?? W-WHAT  
ARE YOU GOING  
TO DO?

NO ONE MUST  
REMAIN ALIVE TO  
SHARE DIS SECRET  
VIT ME, NOT  
EVEN YOU!



HE  
SHOT  
HIM!

THAT'S WHAT HE  
GETS FOR DEALING  
WITH THE NAZIS  
TEMKET!









BUT FATE STEPS IN TO THWART THE SNIPER'S STRATEGY...



LIEUTENANT  
HAUPT, WHO  
IS HIS GIRL?

VE FOUND HER  
OUTSIDE HIS  
HOLE, GENERAL  
ECKEL!

HA! DEN SHE WAS WITH DER  
SNIPER! WE MUST TAKE CARE  
OF HER IN THE SAME MANNER  
AS DER SNIPER! LT. HAUPT, I PUT  
YOU IN CHARGE OF HER  
EXECUTION AT ONCE!

JAHNOL,  
GENERAL  
ECKEL!

NO!



LATER-



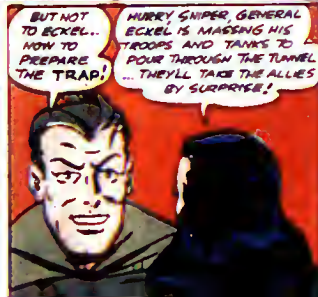
ZOUNDS!  
THEY'RE ABOUT  
TO EXECUTE  
TENKET!!

READY!  
AM ...

THE SNIPER'S RIFLE  
BOLT WORKS LIKE A  
TRIP HAMMER AS HE  
POURS LEAD INTO  
THE FIRING SQUAD.



THE  
SNIPER!  
HE'S ALIVE!



BUT NOT  
TO ECKEL...  
NOW TO  
PREPARE  
THE TRAP!

HURRY SNIPER, GENERAL  
ECKEL IS MASSING HIS  
TROOPS AND TANKS TO  
POUR THROUGH THE TUNNEL  
... THEY'LL TAKE THE ALLIES  
BY SURPRISE!



ONE THING MORE- IF YOU  
EVER COME TO CARO...  
VISIT THE CONTINENTAL  
GARDEN AND  
I WILL DANCE  
FOR YOU!

!



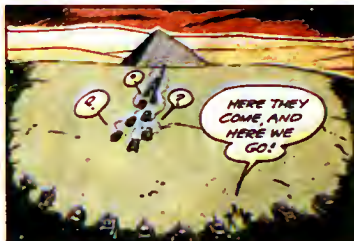
THEN BEGINS A BACE AGAINST TIME.



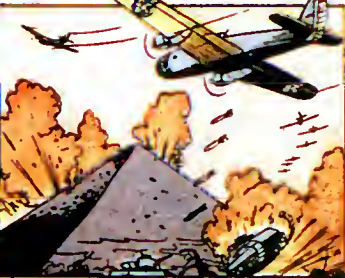
ALREADY A MIGHTY ARMY IS ROLLING THROUGH THE DUSTY CORRIDOR TO AGAIN ATTEMPT TO SHAPE THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD...



BACK AT ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...



LATER IN CAIRO THE SNIPER DRINKS A TOAST TO VICTORY WHILE A BEAUTIFUL DANCING GIRL PERFORMS...



THEN THE VERY EARTH SHAKES AS THE ALLIES BLAST THE ENCIROLED NAZI ARMY!:





# THE BLUE TRACER



## THE U-1

HITLER'S GREATEST SUBMARINE HAS BEEN RAVAGING THE SEA LANES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC AND SINKING MANY PRECIOUS ALLIED CARGO SHIPS. IT MUST BE DESTROYED... BUT HOW? THIS MIGHTIEST OF U-BOATS IS FAST ENOUGH TO AVOID THE AVENGING GUNS OF UNITED NATIONS WARSHIPS AND PLANES... TRULY IT IS A JOB FOR THE BLUE TRACER, DRIVEN BY BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES, NOW IN ENGLAND, BUT EVEN THEY CONFER WITH BRITISH INTELLIGENCE TO DECIDE UPON A PLAN OF ATTACK!

BEHIND GUARDED DOORS SOMEWHERE IN LONDON, BILL AND BOOMERANG MEET HIGH OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE!

IF WE CAN CATCH THE U-1 IN THE OPEN SEA WELL ATTACK IT. IT'LL BE EITHER THEM OR US, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN A U-BOAT WE COULDN'T SINK!



BUT TO CATCH THE U-1 IN THE OPEN SEA IS THE PROBLEM. IT IS NOW IN ITS IMPREGNABLE CONCRETE BASE ON THE FRENCH COAST. IF ONE OF YOU CAN LAND THERE AND MEET BARONESS VON KIST—

BARONESS VON KIST? AIN'T SHE ONE OF HITLER'S GIRL FRIENDS?

NOT THIS LADY! SHE'S ONE OF OUR BEST AGENTS.

I'LL GIVE YOU HER ADDRESS AND WE WILL GET WORD TO HER THAT ONE OF YOU IS COMING!





IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT  
THE BLUE TRACER HEADS  
OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

THIS IS IT BOOMERANG! WE'RE  
OVER THE BARONESS' CHATEAU!  
YOU'LL LAND IN THE SURROUNDING  
FOREST. I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU  
IN THE CHANNEL TOMORROW. I'LL  
DROP YOU THE BARREL!

AND I'LL  
HOOK IT  
ONTO THE  
U-1. SO  
LONG, PAL!

IF I'M  
CAUGHT I'LL  
BE THE  
GESTAPO TORTURE  
CHAMBER FOR  
ME!

OKAY BILL. I DREW  
THE LOW CARD - I'LL  
JUMP!

-OOF!

THERE'S THE  
CASTLE... I'LL SNEAK  
ALONG THE  
PATH

PSST!

GAAH!

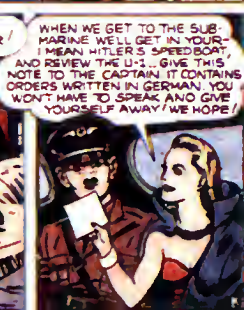
FOLLOW ME, I'M X-6...  
BARONESS VON KIST TO OUR  
NAZI ENEMIES!

G-GEE!

THE CLEVER LADY AGENT LEADS BOOMERANG  
THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGEWAY TO HER  
PRIVATE CHAMBER IN THE CASTLE

I GOT RID OF THE REAL BARONESS - I DID  
IM JUST TAKING HER PLACE FOR... YA, X-6  
THIS JOB... HERE PUT THIS UNIFORM  
AND MOUSTACHE ON!







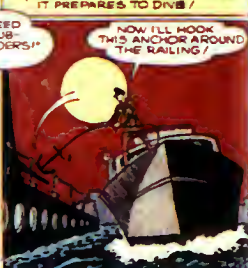
A SHORT WHILE LATER BOOMERANG  
DELIVERS THE MESSAGE!

ON THE U-1

AS THE GIANT SUBMARINE GLIDES  
BY, ITS DECKS ARE DESERTED AND  
IT PREPARES TO DIVE!



ORDERS FROM THE  
FEHMREZ HIMSELF "PROCEED  
INTO THE CHANNEL AND SUB-  
MERGE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS!"  
**ALL HANDS  
BELOW!**



THE U-1 SUBMERGES...



THE NEXT DAY FINDS THE U-1  
SUBMERGED AS ORDERED, AND  
THE BLUE TRACER WINGS DOWN  
FROM THE STRATOSPHERE

I'LL SOON KNOW IF THAT'S  
BOOMERANG WHEN I DROP  
THE BARREL!



WE'LL TIE THIS  
END OF THE ANCHOR  
ROPE TO THE BARREL!

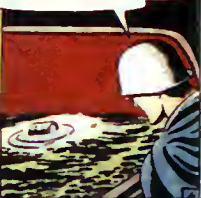


AND NOW BEAT  
IT!



IMMEDIATELY BILL STEERS THE  
BLUE TRACER TO THE SPOT MARKED  
BY THE BARREL!

NO MATTER WHERE THE U-1  
GOES NOW THAT BARREL WILL  
FLOAT ON THE SURFACE AND GIVE  
AWAY ITS POSITION!





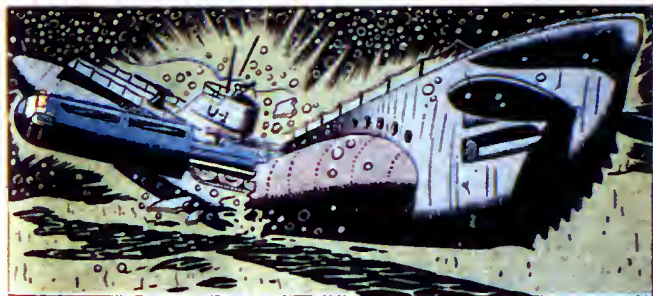
QUICKLY FOLDING THE TELESCOPIC WINGS, BILL DIVES THE BLUE TRACER LIKE A GIANT SHELL INTO THE SEA!

AND FOCUSING HIS UNDERWATER LENSES BILL SHOOT TOWARD HIS UNSUSPECTING TARGET!

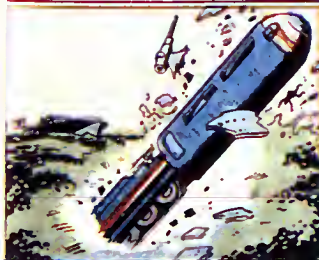
I WISH DER FEHRER WOULD RADIO US FURTHER ORDERS-

WELL THIS IS IT / ONLY ONE OF US WILL EVER SEE THE SURFACE AGAIN!

HIMMEL! ON DER ZOUND DETECTOR ZOME ZINGS ISS COMINK-



BUT THE GLEAMING BLUE TRACER ZOOMS OUT OF THE WRECKAGE STREAM SEA...THE VICTOR!



ZOWE / BILL SURE GAVE IT TO EM THAT TIME / THE U-1 IS SMASHED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!

YOU SAID IT / WHAT A WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION THAT BLUE TRACER IS!





# TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX TOP

DO NOT KILL THEM YET WE WILL AMUSE OURSELVES WITH THE AMERICANS DURING OUR VOYAGE

THIS SUB MUST BE IMPORTANT. IT'S THE ADMIRAL OF THE JAP FLEET HIMSELF

THIS HONORABLE PERSON CAN TAKE OF NO MORE UNPLEASANT PRISON THAN BATTERY ROOM

WHERE WE CAN BLOWLY DETRIMENT FROM THE FUMES OF THE BATTERIES

NO USE TOM! THIS DOOR IS SOLID STEEL

YIMMITY! THAT'LL KILL US AND EVERYBODY ON BOARD

AND DEAD WE CAN WIN WITH

GAS! GAS! WE DIG! WE DIG! WE DIG!

ORDER ALL HANDS TO SURFACE SHIP!

WE CAN'T SURFACE THE CONTROLS WON'T WORK THE BATTERIES ARE DEAD

TOM! THIS GAS IS GOING TO KILL THESE JAPS LIKE RATS IN A TRAP

AND THERE'S FORTY JAPS FOR EVERY ONE OF US

YEAH WE CAN DIE HAPPY KNOWING THIS SUB WILL NEVER SINK AN AMERICAN SHIP AGAIN!

IS THIS AND

Trapped... certain death. Can some miracle... the breath-taking climax... story in the Tom Mix Comics book

EXTRA! EXTRA!

In addition... and Commando Comics, this big... every Tom Mix Commando... HURRY! MAIL COUPON TODAY

# TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX TOP

LOOK!

5 BIG COMICS IN FULL COLOR

BRAND NEW NOT FOR SALE ANYWHERE

MAIL THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom

I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic Book free!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

IMPORTANT! If you have this coupon you can get the Tom Mix COM-  
MANDOS COMICS BOOK survey. Simply send one Ralston or  
Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to 10 Checker-  
board Square, St. Louis, Mo. (Don't expect January 1, 1941)

# You Serve Uncle Sam When You Serve These Ralston Whole Grain Cereals

THEY'RE THE KIND OF CEREALS THAT ARE BRINGING WARMTH AND VIGOR TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

THEY'RE HELPING WAR WORKER'S FIGHT FATIGUE (they're extra rich in vitamin B1)

THEY'RE GIVING YOUNG AMERICA COWBOY ENERGY

Uncle Sam says "eat whole grain cereals both Instant Ralston and Ralston are - and both are whole wheat, extra rich in vitamins. Take your choice."

# Instant Ralston

NEEDS NO COOKING

# Ralston Whole Wheat Cereal

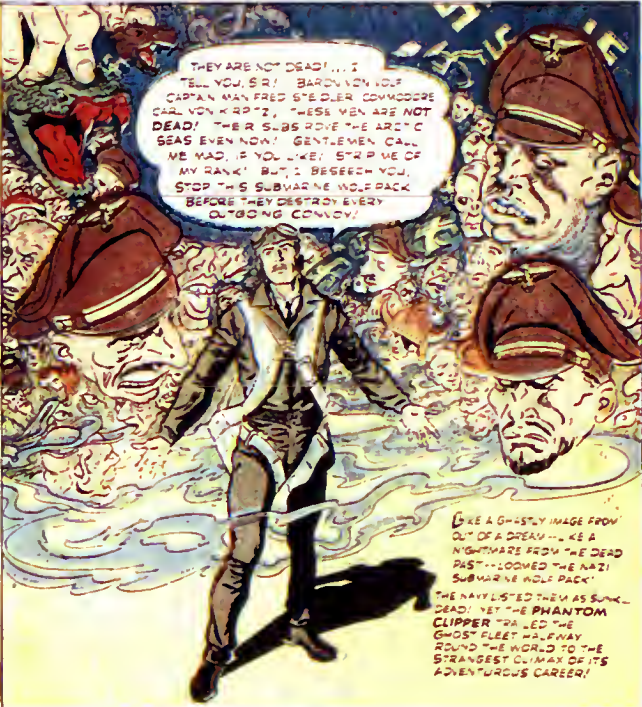
U.S. WEARS US

get something good





# The PHANTOM CLIPPER



THEY ARE NOT DEAD!... I  
TELL YOU, SIR! BARD VON WOLF  
CAPTAIN MAN FRED STEDLER, COMMODORE  
CARL VON KROTZ, THESE MEN ARE NOT  
DEAD! THEIR SUBS ROVE THE ARCTIC  
SEAS EVEN NOW! GENTLEMEN, CALL  
ME MAD, IF YOU LIKE! STRIP ME OF  
MY RANK! BUT, I BESEECH YOU,  
STOP THIS SUBMARINE WOLF PACK  
BEFORE THEY DESTROY EVERY  
OUTGOING CONVOY!

LIKE A GHOSTLY IMAGE FROM  
OUT OF A DREAM... LIKE A  
NIGHTMARE FROM THE DEAD  
PAST... LOOMED THE NAZI  
SUBMARINE WOLF PACK!

THE NAVY LISTED THEM AS SUNK—  
DEAD! YET THE PHANTOM  
CLIPPER TRAILLED THE  
GHOST FLEET HALFWAY  
ROUND THE WORLD TO THE  
STRANGEST CLIMAX OF ITS  
ADVENTUROUS CAREER!



**COURT-MARTIAL  
AT  
NORFOLK,  
VIRGINIA,  
NAVAL  
BASE...**





TAKE IT EASY  
TIGER! HE'S  
ONLY A  
DRUNKEN KID!

BRING HIM ON BOARD!  
...A FEW DAYS OUT AT  
SEA WILL IMPROVE HIS  
MANNERS!



*Next  
morning*  
ABOARD  
THE  
PHANTOM  
CLIPPER...



OWH! MY HEAD!  
WHAT HIT  
ME?

YOU DRINK MORE  
BLACK COFFEE!  
IT'LL FIX YOU  
UP GOOD!



WHAT'S OUR  
ORDERS  
SIR?

WE'RE OUT TO CLEAN  
UP A NAZI SUBMARINE  
PACK! THEY SHOULD  
BE SOMEWHERE  
ABOUT ACCORDING  
TO OUR CHARTS!



CAN'T SEE A THING  
THROUGH THIS FOG!  
IT'S THICK AS SOUP!  
-LISTEN! WHAT'S  
THAT?

SHELL FIRE!  
-COMING FROM  
THE WINDWARD  
SIDE, SIR!



FULL SPEED  
AHEAD TO  
WINDWARD!



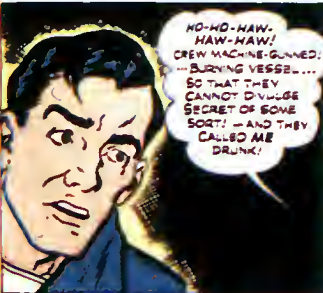
A FEW MINUTES  
LATER ...

THERE ARE  
SOME MEN IN  
THAT LIFE-BOAT!  
-PULL  
ALONGSIDE!

PREPARE  
TO LOWER  
AWAY!









THEN LIEUTENANT BARRON TELLS HIS FANTASTIC STORY...

"...AND SO I WENT - BUT THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME - HAD ME COURT-MARTIALED! - THE ONLY MAN IN THE U.S. NAVY WHO KNOWS WHERE THAT SUB BASE IS!"

BUT BARRON VON VOLF - A PRINCE STEEDLER? - THESE MEN AND THEIR SHIPS WERE SUNK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR!

SURE! AND SO SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE NOW! - BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH AN OLD CLIPPER SHIP?

"TELL HIM TIGER!"

LIEUTENANT BARRON THIS CLIPPER CARRIES FOUR 8-INCH GUNS! - AND WERE EQUIPPED FOR HEAVY BATTLE!

WELL, I'LL BE...!

SO THAT'S WHY THEY COULDN'T BE TRACED! THAT WATER IS FULL OF REEFS!

EXACTLY. I'VE FLOWN 'ROUNDNA SSANCE OVER THESE REEFS MANY TIMES! ONLY A SMALL BOAT CAN GET IN!

THAT NIGHT - AS THE MOON IS BLACKED OUT BY CLOUDS...

REMEMBER, CAP! NO Firing TILL I GIVE YOU THE RANGE!

RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR!

SLIGHTLY THE POWERFUL LAUNCH SKIRTS THE REEFS AND SNEEPS INWARD...

YOU SEE BARRON! THIS IS A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED LAUNCH ON WHICH WE HAVE MOUNTED TORPEDO TUBES!

WHAT A CONVENTION! THERES THE BRUNNENDE - AND THERES THE SCHORSTEN!

SURE! - AND THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!



VOT SSI - A STRANGE  
S-PI GIEF DER  
ALARM! QUICK



EEE-EE

EEEEEE-EE-EEEEEE  
SWITCH ON,  
LEUTENANT.  
HEY - BARROW -  
WHERE IS  
THE DIRTY  
GO!!!



SORRY PA...  
BUT I'VE GOT A  
SPECIAL JOB  
TO TAKE  
CARE OF!



THE DIRTY TRAITOR  
-RAN OUT ON ME!  
BUT I'LL SHOW  
HIM!



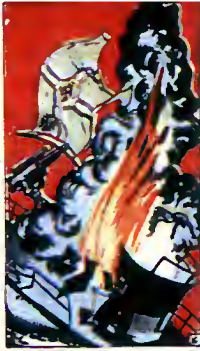
GET HIM! - YOU  
DUMBKOPPS - IF HE  
GETS AWAY DER FLEHRER  
WILL MAFF OUR SKINS  
TORN OFF!



HERE'S  
LOOKING  
AT YOU!



NOW FOR  
NAZI FISH  
NUMBER  
TWO!





*The*  
HIGHLY  
MANEUVERABLE  
LITTLE  
LAUNCH  
DODGES  
AROUND THE  
JAGGED  
ROCKS  
LIKE A  
DEADLY  
SERPENT!





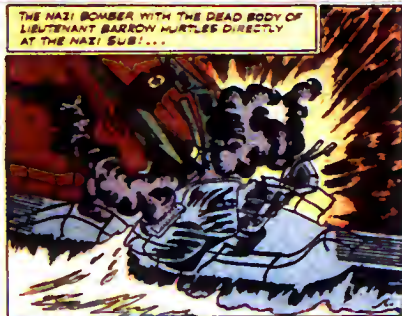
HOLY SEA BREEZE!  
IT'S LIEUTENANT  
BARROW IN A NAZI  
BOMBER! GOOD BOY!



I'M HIT! - TOO BAD!  
... I WANTED TO PROVE  
IT TO THE NAVY...  
OHMM!...



THE NAZI BOMBER WITH THE DEAD BODY OF  
LIEUTENANT BARROW HURTLING DIRECTLY  
AT THE NAZI SUB!...



AT THE NAVAL BASE, NORFOLK, VA....

... AND THAT, SIR, IS  
THE STORY OF  
LIEUTENANT ROBERT  
BARROW'S DEATH!



LIEUTENANT BARROW IS  
DEAD, BUT, AMONG THE MEN  
OF THE NAVY - HIS NAME  
WILL LIVE FOREVER!



UNDER FULL  
SAIL, SIR!  
WHERE TO?

WHERE?  
WHY, JUST  
OVER THE  
HORIZON...  
I SMELL  
TROUBLE  
IN THE  
WIND!





WHILE PATROLLING ALONG THE UNITED STATES PACIFIC COAST LINE, A PAIR OF AIRCRAFTS DRONE HIGH OVER THE OCEAN OFF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON...

# PACIFIC PATROL

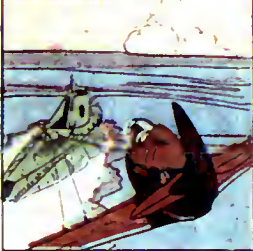
ALC. WILLIAMS

SUDDENLY, A SUBMARINE IS SPOTTED, MOVING ALONG ON THE SURFACE...

JAP SUB-FORM IN LINE FOR STRAING ATTACK - LETS GO!



THE P-30'S SLANT DOWN LIKE AVENGING FURIES, GUNS HAMMERING!!



GEE AMERICAN PLANES! THEY ISS SURPRISE US...

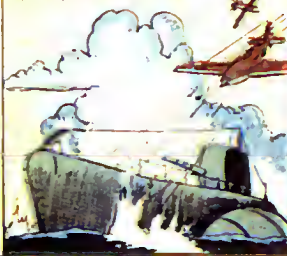


THE FIRST ATTACK LEAVES THE SUB PUNCTURED WITH HOLES UNABLE TO SUBMERGE!

ATTACK AGAIN - ILL NOTIFY THE BASE!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE PLANES FLASH ACROSS THE SUB RAKING IT WITH BULLETS...



AMMUNITION EXHAUSTED FALS...? WELL --- WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THAT CAN UNTIL A PATROL BOAT ARRIVES!



END A HALF HOUR LATER THE RIDDLED SUB IS CAPTURED!





PRIVATE

by BART  
TUMEX

# DOGTAG

THE WORLD'S DUMBEST SOLDIER!!



IS ANY  
WONDER OUR  
HERO MAKES A  
DONKEY OF HIMSELF  
WHEN HE MEETS...

...AXIS AGENT FELIX  
HAMBURGER  
IMPERSONATING  
GENERAL  
U.S. GRANITE

NAPOLEON  
GRANITE  
THE  
GENERAL'S  
"BALMY"  
TWIN...

...AND FINALLY  
GENERAL  
U.S.  
GRANITE  
HIMSELF!!

FELIX HAMBURGER,  
TALENTED ACTOR  
AND MEMBER OF  
THE BLIND BEARS  
A CLOSE  
RESEMBLANCE TO  
GENERAL U.S.  
GRANITE!  
HAMBURGER,  
MASTER OF MAKE-  
UP AND VOICE  
IMITATION HAS  
MADE HIMSELF  
INTO AN EXACT  
DOUBLE  
OF THE  
FAMOUS GENERAL!

BY NIGHT BLINDST STRONG  
ARM MEN INVAD THE  
GENERAL'S HOME AND  
ABOUT HIM...



...AND FELIX  
HAMBURGER  
STEPS IN TO PLAY  
THE ROLE OF THE  
BACHELOR GENERAL!

HIMMEL! DER MAKE-  
UP IS PERFECT! NO  
VUN VILL SUSPECT  
YOU!

I HAVE ALREADY  
DISMISSED THE GENERAL'S  
PERSONAL AIDE! HE LIVED  
WITH THE GENERAL, AND  
WAS HIS CLOSE FRIEND  
AND CONFOANT! ONLY  
HE MIGHT HAVE  
SUSPECTED ME!

BUT NOW  
DER COAST IS  
CLEAR FOR  
OUR PLANS!





HE'ER HAMBURGER AG  
GENERAL GRANITE YOU  
ARE NOW IN POSITION  
TO OBTAIN FOR DER  
AIDS DER CHOICEST  
OFF SECRET MILITARY  
INFORMATION!

YA? BUT  
DON'T FORSET  
DER MAINN  
ASSIGNMENT!

GENERAL GRANITE  
WAS A FREQUENT  
LUNCHEON GUEST  
AT DER WHITE  
HOUSE!

YOU HAPPE ONLY TO AVAIT DER  
NEXT INVITE...UNO DEN SLID  
OUR NEW DEADLY  
UNDETECTABLE POISON 'INTER  
DER PRESIDENTS FOOD!



DER POISON IS  
CONCEALED IN  
A SECRET  
COMPARTMENT  
OF DIS  
RING?

FEAR NOT,  
COMRADES! I  
SHALL NOT FAIL  
OUR GLORIOUS  
CAUSE!

THERE REMAINS ONLY  
ONE SMALL DETAIL...I  
MUST FIND A VERY  
DUMB SOLDIER TO  
REPLACE THE SMART  
AIDE I DISMISSED!

FOR SOME REASON  
GENERAL GRANITE  
HAS ALWAYS HAD  
AN AIDE LIVING  
WITH HIM HERE  
IN HIS HOME!

HE IS A  
BACHELOR...  
NO DOUBT  
HE WAS  
LONESOME!



COME! WE GO  
NOW BACK TO  
DER HIDEOUT  
WHERE WE ARE  
HOLDING DER  
GENERAL PRISONER!

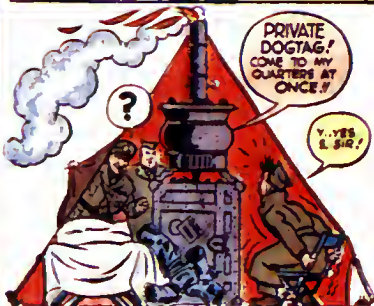
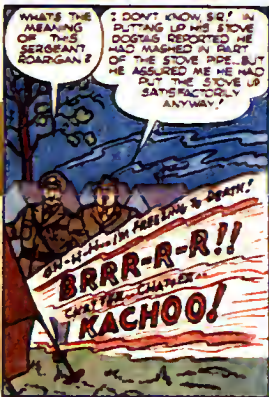
GOODBYE  
LUCK  
UNO  
WEIL  
HITLER!

WEIL  
HITLER!

AH! I SEE I AM TO REVIEW TROOPS ALL  
DAY TOMORROW! THE DUMBEST SOLDIER...  
THE ONE WHO MAKES THE MOST MISTAKES  
...SHALL BECOME MY PERSONAL AIDE!









BESET AM  
IN THE  
GRANITE HOME...



ELEVEN  
O'CLOCK! MY  
FIRST MORNING  
AS A GENERAL'S  
AGE AND I'VE  
OVERSLEPT!

UNKNOWN TO ANYONE EXCEPT A FEW HIGH  
RANKING MILITARY OFFICIALS, GENERAL U.S.  
GRANITE HAS A FEEBLE-MINDED TWIN WHO  
IS KEPT IN A HIDDEN ROOM...



MY HORSE!! GET  
MY HORSE OUT  
OF THAT CLOSET!  
AT ONCE!

IT'S GULP!  
IT'S IN THE  
CLOSET? I'LL  
DO MY BEST TO  
GET IT OUT, SIR!



NOBODY AT HOME...  
GUESS I'LL READ  
A BOOK UNTIL...

...WHAT  
THE...

SNAP!



OH-HA-HA!  
I SEE  
WHAT YOU  
MEAN,  
SIR!

GOSH...  
FOR A  
WHILE I  
THOUGHT  
HE WAS  
NUTS!

ON SECOND THOUGHT I  
WILL FOREGO MY USUAL  
MORNING CANTER! I GET  
ENTIRELY TOO SADDLE-  
BURNED IN  
JUST THIS!

PUT IT  
BACK  
WHOEVER  
YOU  
ARE!



WHY... I'M  
PRIVATE DOG TAG  
SIR? HAVE  
YOU FORGOTTEN  
SIR?

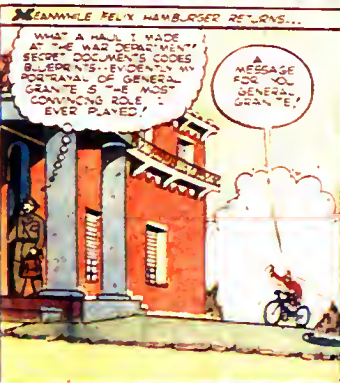
YES I HAVE FORGOTTEN!  
THERE'S SOMETHING I  
SHOULD DO EACH MOR-  
NING AND WHEN I DON'T  
IT BOTHERS ME!



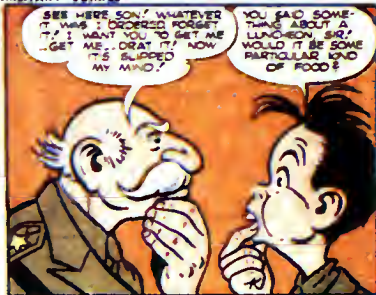
LET'S SEE ER.  
COULD  
BE  
PUTTING ON  
YOUR CLOTHES  
SIR?

THAT'S IT! MY CLOTHES!!  
I WANT MY CLOTHES!!  
FOOL! THE CLOTHES IS  
WAITING FOR ME! HURRY!!

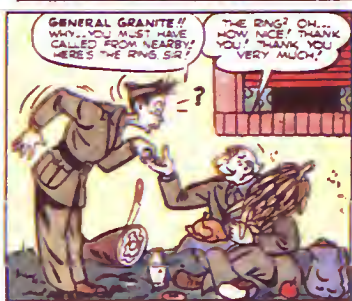
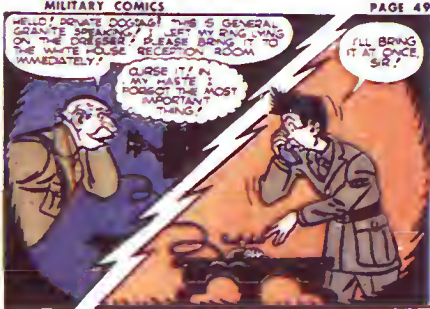




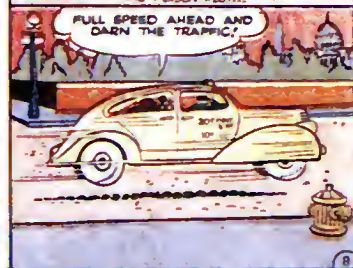
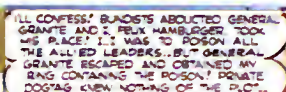
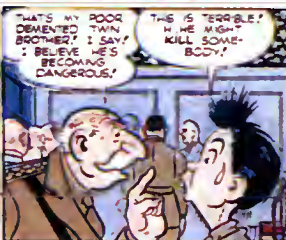
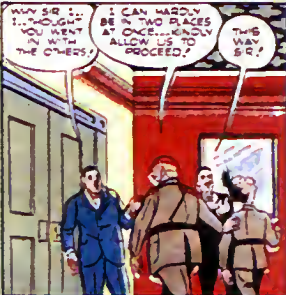






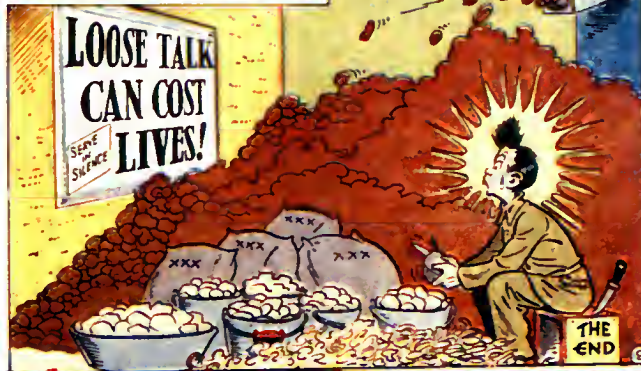
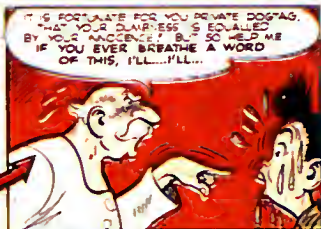








COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED DOG TAGS AND MARLBOROS  
ARE LEAVING WITH WHITE HOUSE GUARDS WHEN...





# DOWN TO EARTH

**T**IM McGuire was a swell guy, if ever there was one . . . And all the boys from the ground crew up, who knew him at all well, would have gone to bat for him any day—at the drop of a Forke-Wulfe. Big and brawny, with the twinkling blue eyes and wide, bonest grin to match his name, he was a flier through and through, from the very day he had arrived at the field . . . fists clenched, and eyes gazing hungrily at the cloudless blue sky.

There was one quality of McGuire's that did induce some smiles and raised eyebrows, behind his back . . . And that was Tim's genius for the embellishment of a story. Mind you, he wasn't a liar! That's a fightin' word. Nor could the boys rightly call him a fabricator—which was just a dolled up name for liar. Let's say that it was Tim's unrestrainable Irish imagination that occasionally led him astray . . . his unbounded enthusiasm for the sound of his own voice and the vivid color of words.

Whether he was telling a

story of his fight with the three boiler-makers in Tony's bar or how he stole the heart of the pretty waitress back in Tucson . . . Tim just couldn't help embroidering his tale to just beyond the point of credulity. The funny part of it was he *did* lick three boilermakers—and the waitress still remembers him. But the way he told his stories you'd have to smile inwardly and say to yourself—"Great boy, Tim, but you're not kidding me!"

We come now to the story Tim never told and never will . . . it was too impossible. The eventful day of his first 'chute drop had come . . . and, one by one the boys had bailed out ahead. Watching nine billowing sheets of silk descend to a geography book map just a wee bit too far below . . . he knew he was next . . . and last.

Tim suddenly felt terribly alone, and not a bit pleased about the way the pit of his stomach was tap-dancing. The jump wasn't hard . . . you hardly knew you were falling . . . until you looked . . . and then there wasn't any question

of it. You were going, alright . . . but certainly not up!

The first shock that McGuire got when he had descended to what should have been the end of that new-fangled 'chute cord, attached to the cabin of the plane, was that there was no cord. For a split second he idly wondered why . . . then he recalled he was still travelling . . . but fast!

The map below was becoming less of a post card and more like solid earth . . . hard, and too close for comfort. "There's an emergency cord, of course," said McGuire . . . and laughed at himself as he pulled it. It broke. He looked at the end of the cord in his hand for a numb fraction of a second and then said, "McGuire, this is a heck of a thing. And a heck of a way to die. Supposin' now I should land in some respectable citizen's back yard? What a noise I'd be makin' and what a filthy mess." For a moment, the mental picture of the mess was almost more than he could stand. He tried to focus on the fast approaching landscape,



but in the dizzy spin of his fall, he couldn't guess where he'd splash, so he gave it up and went back to his conversation . . . he had to talk to somebody!

"Look, McGuire," he said. "A drowning man or a man falling, such as you . . . going to a certain death, is supposed to have mile-a-minute thoughts running through his mind. Mind did I say? Don't flatter yourself, McGuire. But sure you're not 'playing the rules. . . .

"Especially you, McGuire, who's always prided yourself on your gift of gab. Well, where IS this motion picture of your life?—Your childhood and your dear sweet Mother, and then all the lousy tricks you've ever done and should now be regretting? Where's the memory of sweet Kitty and her kisses, and the fresh green smell of Killarney? Well, lad, this is one way you never thought you'd get back to the old sod" . . . and he looked down.

The other 'chutes had all grounded in a wide field and already had assumed the size of ladies hankies fluttering about on a billiard table.

"I've got it, McGuire," he said. "It's that very tongue of

yours . . . you've talked yourself into and talked yourself out of everything in your life and you never did learn how to think! Amazing . . . but it's clear enough to me now. Well . . . prayin' is talkin', isn't it? And since that's your prize line you better start right now . . . because you'll have to talk yourself into the next world and—sure, you want it to be the better one!" Taking another look down he saw he was heading right smack for the wide roof of a bright red barn.

Then an awfully strange thing happened . . . and McGuire was sure he was losing his spinning head. For from the top of the red barn he could swear someone was calling his name. "What in blazes is wrong with you, McGuire?" . . . and a lot of other things that, from a red barn, sounded strangely like language of the worst kind.

There was a snap then, somewhere, and McGuire's eyes cleared to find that the red barn was the face of Flight Lieutenant Murphy at its highest pressure of blood, peering around his shoulder, and glaring at him with an expression anything but kindly. The map was still down there as it was

before; and Murphy was shouting right into his nose. "McGuire, are you a soldier or aren't you . . . These jumps are timed to the second . . . TIMED . . . d'ya understand? Will you jump, man . . . or may I have the great pleasure of pushing you?"

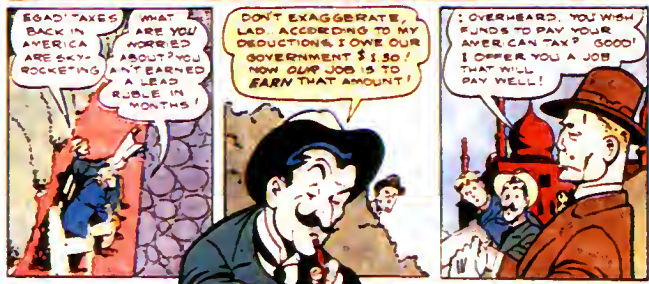
McGuire smiled then into the face of his irate superior . . . smiled as he never thought he'd smile again. . . .

"I'm jumpin', sir," he said.

. . . .

Sailing down under the billowing white tent that gleamed above him in the sun, McGuire thought things over' . . . laughing to himself the while. "I was afraid," he said. "So help me . . . but for all of that, it's a story I can't tell the boys . . . They'd never understand the secret goings-on of another man's soul . . . " And then he ceased laughing, and his face was suddenly thoughtful. "But then, who am I to have a nodding acquaintance with their souls any more than they have with mine. Maybe they, too, have each discovered a man cannot learn to live until his cowardice is smashed down to earth!" And then he waived gaily . . . for he was safely close to them now . . . closer than ever.

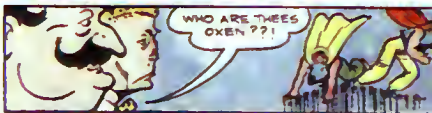




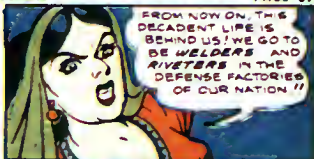








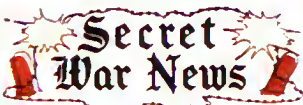








True  
Stories  
Of Daring  
War Adventures



Reported Exclusively  
for this Magazine  
by our Ace  
Correspondent

This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau

# CONVOY ATTACK

The German short wave propaganda broadcasts to the United Nations have recently made extravagant claims concerning the disposition of a recent American Convoy.

The Germans claim to have repeatedly attacked the Convoy, sunk or crippled all of the ships and destroyers and to have effected a smashing victory for the Axis.

In answer to these fantastic claims, the United States Navy Department released the inside story. So if you want a real tip as to what actually took place, read on—





ON A RECENT SHORT WAVE BROADCAST FROM BERLIN...

UNITS OF OUR GALLANT NAVAL AND AIR FORCES HAVE JUST ANNOUNCED A STUNNING VICTORY IN A COMBINED ATTACK ON AN ALLIED CONVOY BOUND FOR RUSSIA...



DURING A RUNNING BATTLE WHICH LASTED THREE DAYS OUR FORCES DEFINITELY SANK THIRTY-FIVE OUT OF FIFTY CARGO SHIPS... ALSO SIX OF THE ESCORTING WAR-SHIPS, TWO OF OUR PLANES WERE LOST WHEN THEY COLLIDED IN MIDAIR!



THAT'S THE GERMAN VERSION-- NOW DO YOU WANT TO HEAR THE TRUTH! MY NAME IS TOMMY CARROL-- I'M FIRST MATE ON THE BLACK CASTLE ONE OF THE SHIPS IN THAT CONVOY...



I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MANY SHIPS WERE IN THE CONVOY BUT THE BLACK CASTLE HAD A POSITION NEAR THE FRONT AND SHE WAS LOADED DOWN TO HER PLIMSOLL MARK...



THE SKIPPER, CAPTAIN EZRA WALTERS IS A TOUGH, OLD NEW ENGLANDER... A SALTY OLD BIRD...

WE'RE COMING INTO U-BOAT WATERS, MR CARROL... DOUBLE THE WATCH!

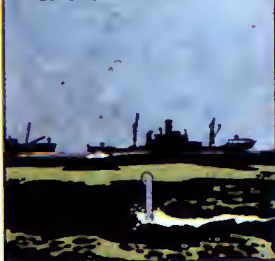


WE WERE NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND STILL NO SIGN OF ANY NAZIS...

THIS QUIET CAN'T LAST, CAPT. SOME THINGS GONNA BUST WIDE OPEN... BUT SOON! HAVEN'T HAD AN ALARM SINCE LEAVING AMERICA!



... AND THE NEXT MORNING IT BUSTED-- OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY...



ON A FREIGHTER ON THE CONVOY'S SOUTHERN FLANK SUDDENLY WENT SKY HIGH... TORNADOED!





YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THOSE NAVY GUYS-- A DESTROYER AND A CANADIAN SUB-CHASER WERE AFTER THAT U-BOAT LIKE TWO BLOODHOUNDS!



CAN'T TELL IF THEY GOT THAT SUB OR NOT... BUT THEY'RE COMING BACK!



SUDDENLY OUR LOGSKOY SANG OUT FROM THE FORE-PEAK...

TORPEDO!-- OFF THE PORT QUARTER



AN OLD U-BOAT TRICK-- ATTACKING FROM BOTH SIDES AT ONCE...

SPIN THE HELM-- HARD TO STARBOARD!

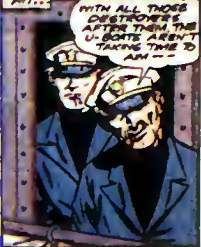


THAT FISH MISSED OUR BOW BY INCHES...

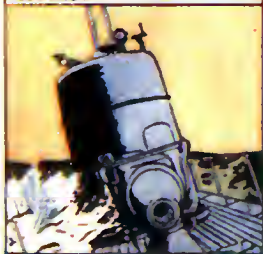


HE SAW MORE TORPEDOES STREAK THROUGH THE CONVOY-- BUT NOT ANOTHER SHIP WAS HIT...

WITH ALL THOSE DESTROYERS AFTER THEM, THE U-BOATS AREN'T TAKING TIME TO AM--



ONE OF THE U-BOAT PACK WAS DISABLED AND FORCED TO THE SURFACE...



AND EVEN THEN, THE NAZIS TRIED TO MAKE A FIGHT OF IT-- BUT A DESTROYER FINISHED 'EM!





THE CONVOY PROCEEDED ON UP THE NORWEGIAN COAST, AND A FEW HOURS LATER WE'RE ATTACKED BY THE BIG BOHEMIA KURIERES...



HERE WE GO AGAIN BOYS--- THEY'RE COMIN' OUR WAY!!



OUR GUYS AND ALL THE GUNS IN THE CONVOY PUT UP A BARRAGE OF SHELLS...



THE FIRST FOCKE-WULF UNLOADED ON US... AND THE BLACK CASTLE'S FUTURE WAS UNCERTAIN FOR A FEW MOMENTS ---



WE'VE BEEN HIT ART, CAPTAIN!

GET THOSE NOSES OUT--- WE'RE AFIRE!



IT WAS TOUGH AND GO FOR ANHLE -- THAT FIRE WAS OL' RED AND PLENTY HOT!



THE SECOND BOMBER SAW US BURNING AND CAME DOWN TO FINISH US OFF...



WE CAN CONSIDER THIS ONE BLINK, FM, KARL?

EVERY GUN IN THE CONVOY CONCENTRATED ON THAT BABY.





THE WENT RIGHT OVER THE SHIP BURNING  
LIKE A TORCH AND OUT OF CONTROL...



WE WERE GETTING THE  
FIRE UNDER CONTROL  
WHEN WE SAW MORE  
TROUBLE...



TORPEDO PLANE'S--  
ATTACKING THE REAR  
OF THE CONVOY...



I'D SEEN THOSE NAZI PLANES BEFORE.  
HEINKEL-H-K'S, CARRYING TWO TORPEDOES  
EACH...



BUT THEY RAN INTO A  
TERRIFIC HAIL OF STEEL



WOW-- WHAT A  
BEATING THEY'RE  
TAKIN'! THERE  
GO A COUPLE  
MORE!



WE GOT TEN OF THEM BEFORE THEY PULLED  
OUT FOR HOME, BUT THEY MANAGED TO HIT  
A TANKER



ONE TANKER LOST  
AT THAT WE'RE  
PRETTY LUCKY!





FLIGHT SAVED US FROM ANY FURTHER ATTACKS...



BUT DAWN FOUND THE NAZIS BACK FOR ANOTHER TRY...



LOOK'S LIKE JU-88 DIVE BOMBERS ESCORTED BY FOCKE WULF 100'S CAPTAIN WALTERS!



THEY REALLY WANT TO STOP US WHEN THEY'LL RISK THEIR NEW FIGHTERS THIS FAR OUT TO SEA!

THE GAVE IT TO US THRU MOST OF THE MORNING UNTIL WE WERE DIZZY FROM THE HOWL OF DIVING ENGINES AND THE FIRING OF GUNS...



THE BLACK CASTLE'S GUNNERS GOT ONE - A FOCKE-WULF THAT TRIED TO STRAFE OUR BRIDGE...



WE MUST HAVE DRIVEN THOSE GERMANS CRAZY THE WAY WE WERE KNOCKING 'EM DOWN!



HANS... I CAN'T STAND THIS ANY LONGER... IT IS SURE DEATH TO GO DOWN THERE...



YAN. WE HAFN HIT MANY OF THEM... BUT NONE HAVE BEEN STOPPED OR SUNK! WE'LL RETURN HOME!



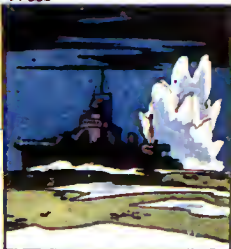
THE REST OF THE DAY WAS QUIET.  
BUT AT DUSK, A DESTROYER  
ROAMED PAST US UNDER FORCED  
DRAFT-- HER ALARM BELL WHOOING



OH, GOSH ---  
ANOTHER  
SUB ATTACK?



THE DESTROYER DROPPED DEPTH  
BOMBS OFF TO PORT THEN BROKE  
OUT A SIGNAL FLAG--THEY'D SUNK  
A SUB ---



FIVE TORPEDO PLANES CAME  
IN LOW ABOUT NOON OF THE  
FOLLOWING DAY....



THE CONVOY GUNS ARE  
IN A BAD WAY, CAREFUL--  
HALF OF THEM WERE  
BURNED OUT BY THE  
CONSTANT FIRING  
YESTERDAY!



DESPITE OUR WORN GUNS, HOWEVER,  
WE HALDED THREE NAZIS BEFORE  
THEY EVEN GOT CLOSE---



BUT ONE OF THE REMAINING PLANES  
TORPEDOED ONE OF THE CORVETTES.  
THEY BEAT IT FOR HOME--PROBABLY  
CLAIMING WE SANK A CRUISER!!!



WE SURE WERE RELIEVED WHEN THE  
CONVOY REACHED NURMANCE--SO THERE'S  
THE TRUE STORY--- WE LOST A CORVETTE,  
A FREIGHTER AND A TANKER -- HITLER.  
LOST TWO U-BOATS POSSIBLY THREE AND  
AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE PLANES -- I WAS  
THERE -- I KNOW...





# New DAISY Play Guns READY

BANG BANG  
BANG

-FAST AS YOU  
CAN WORK IT!

HARMLESS!

Price Gun \$19

Pump Action

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

Price

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Price

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Price

Price

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Price

Price

\$19

Price

## DAISY COMMANDO

### Repeating PLAY GUN

Get and shoot this new safe gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that bulky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$19 plus 6c for postage-handling direct to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money?)

This beautiful and white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crow appears on each play gun stock



TURN THE CRANK

TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

## DAISY CHATTERMATIC

89¢

Price

TURN the firing crank—hear the sub-machine gun go! "Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Shoots and a real Talking Gun—the loud soldiers carry Daisy CHATTERMATIC a sub-machine gun with "always ready" sound, ready at all! Not an air rifle. Built of wood construction. Jet black barrel, and magazine natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering" Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now! If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to send only \$19 plus 6c for postage-handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

TO BOYS  
OF AIR RIFLE AGE:

Your Daisy Dealer may have sold Daisy Air Rifles to you. But DAD you want use the Commando and get for buy it right now from the Dealer—because on every Daisy Air Rifle will be regular-sized driving the air rifle in TOG have making our products for Parents

Attention  
PARENTS!

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commando-style that make PARENTS MAGAZINE. They are made of wood on our own set named for our production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of action and make no difference from 4 to 10 years old. They are superior in workmanship, durable, and quality. Order DIRECT from us.



DAISY PLAY GUNS MADE BY THE MASTERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 481 UNION ST., DEPT. 3, PLYMOUTH, INDIANA





## THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

**HONORS TO ALL**

WHO HELP US WIN!



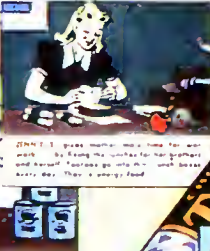
JOHN: I never ever buy beer and smoked the whole grounds up in the store, now Jo John, I and his pals carry on. They imagine the Indians with them. FOOTSHI POLIS America's biggest words



POLE: A\* (15) : painting furniture for the U S O Teenage Hosts!  
the songs are more brash and pegs herself up with chocolatey TOOTS!  
POLE: Teenies are small for movies and books too!



DONALD S has distributed hundreds of posters to storekeepers. He says there are 60 donated. He also hopes for 700% if he sells his favorite candy. Donated parts or lower your taxes. Not a day.

[illegible]

America's  
favorite  
chewy  
chocolate  
candy



EVER TASTE A  
TOOTSIE POP?

Look at this picture of a Teutonic Pop out again. It has a "heart" of soft chewy Teutonic Bitter Tootsie candy in one . . . All for a penny!



**"BE STRONG-TO WIN!"  
SAYS UNCLE SAM**

Uncle Sam wants you to eat what's  
nourishing, pure, and gives you  
energy. So eat plenty of chewy,  
chocolatey Tootsie Rolls.

**RICH IN DEXTROSE  
FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY**

# Tootsie Rolls

1¢ AND 5¢

**TAKE A TIP! TAKE A TOOTSIE! IT'S TOPS!**

